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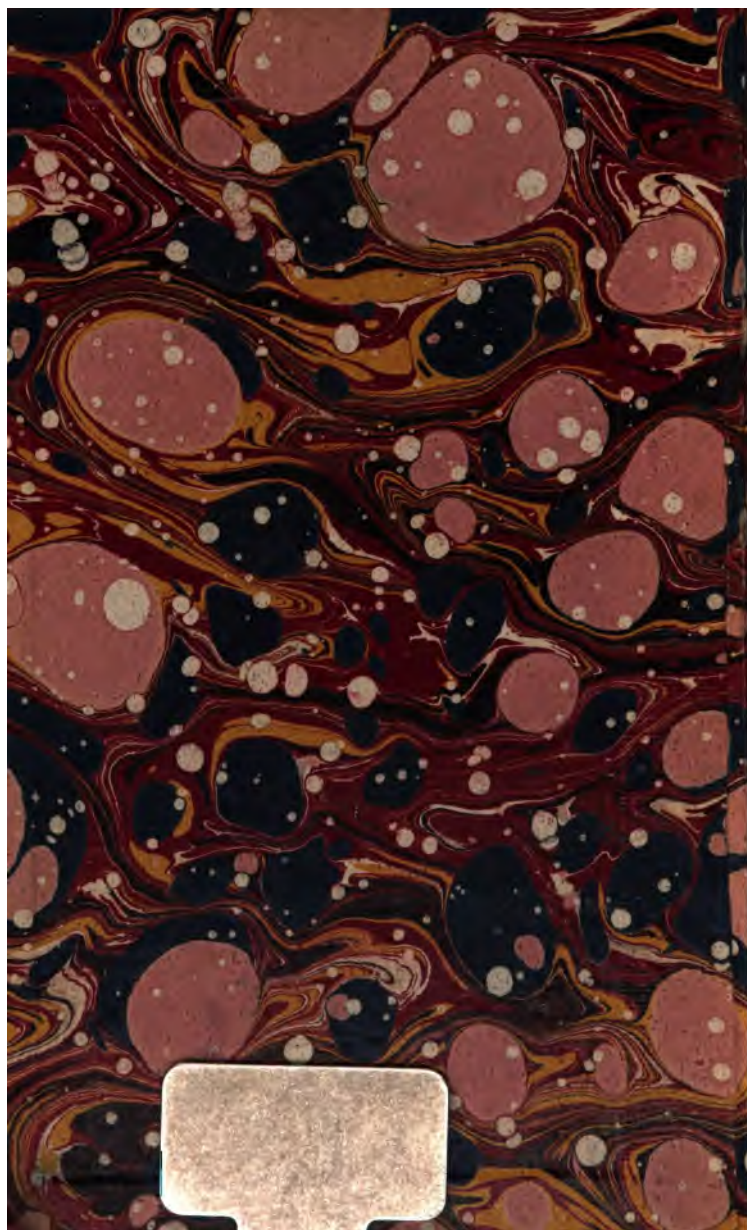
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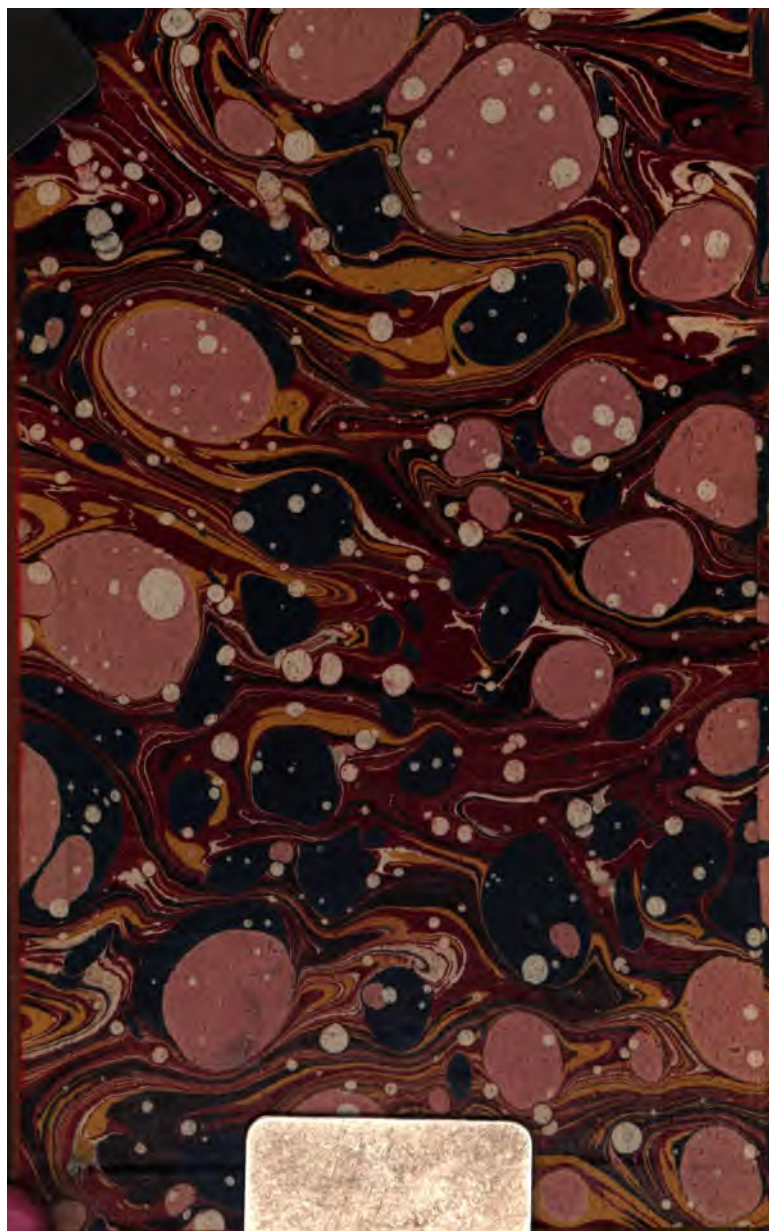
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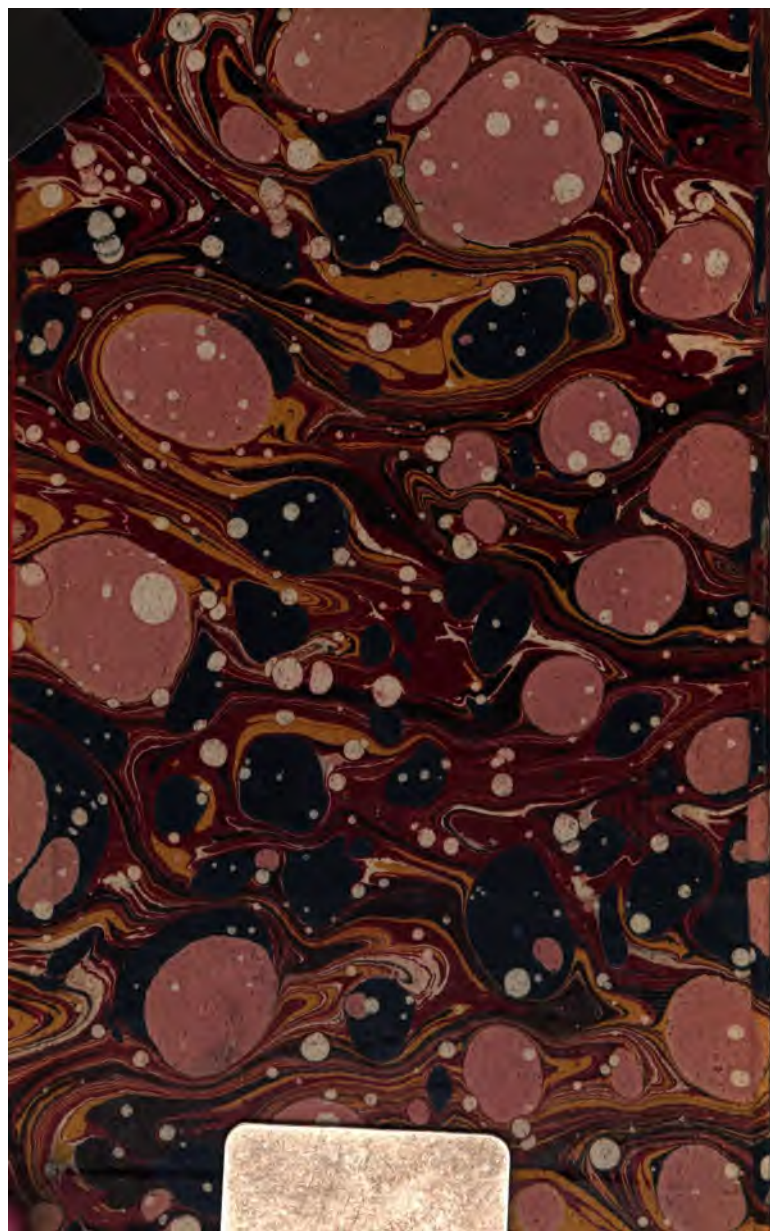




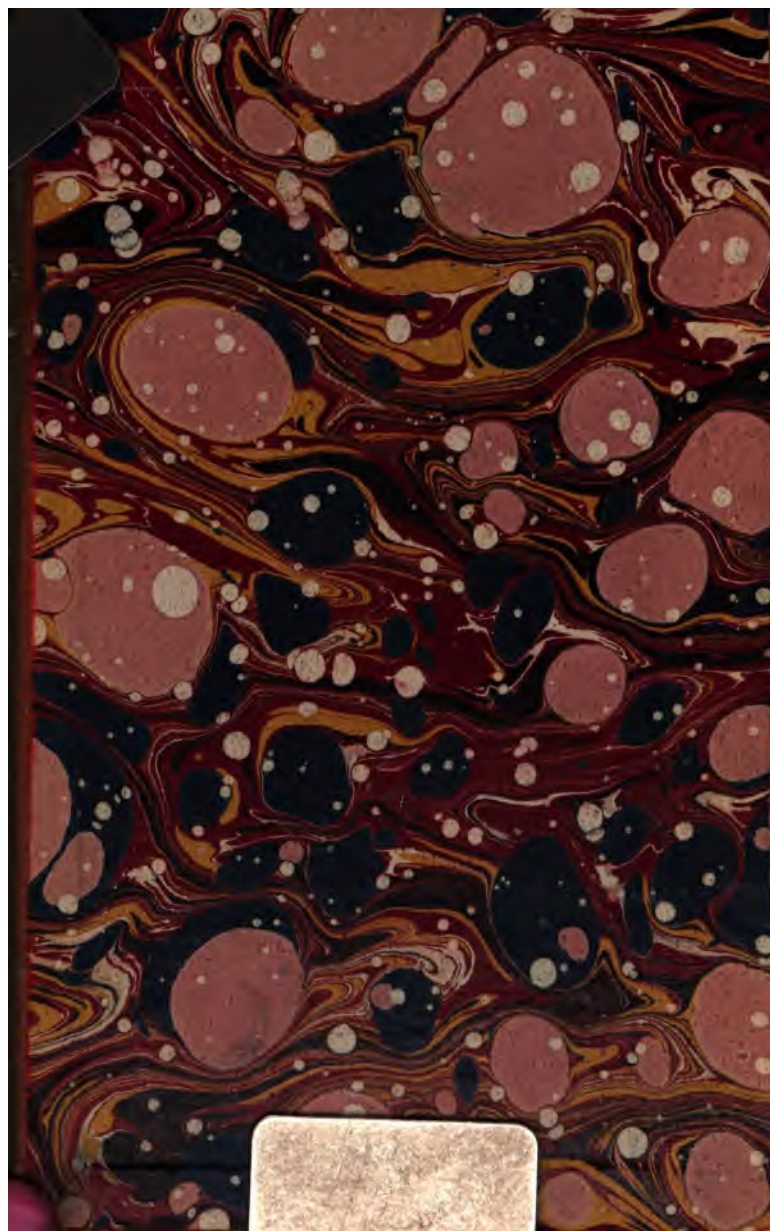














48.1570.



Albrecht Dürer

THE
Artist's Married Life;

BEING THAT OF

Albert Dürer.

Translated from the German of
Leopold Schefer,

BY
MRS. J. R. STODART.



LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142. STRAND.

MDCCLXVIII.

PRINTED BY ROBERT HARDIE AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE Novels of SCHEFER are not much known in this country, nor have any of them, so far as I know, been translated into English. The following, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," purports to be an old manuscript intrusted by Albert Dürer on his deathbed to his friend Pirkheimer, with instructions that it should be given to the world when all those to whom its contents might cause pain, were no more. The idea may have been suggested to the author by the words of Dürer himself; for he concludes an account of the death of his father by saying—"As I have described at length in another book." Of this book, only one torn leaf was found, marked page 19. It is written

in very old German, and contains a short account of the death of his father and mother; of a remarkable event which happened in the year 1503, and which he designates as "the greatest miracle I ever saw in all my life," when suddenly the figure of the cross was seen on the persons of many individuals at the same time, especially on children; that on account of its singularity he had made a drawing of one which appeared on his own maid-servant Susanna, and which so terrified her that she wept and lamented, thinking it would be the cause of her death; of having seen a comet in the heavens; and also how he had been enabled to pay all his debts contracted in Venice, besides purchasing many articles of furniture, new dresses, and various domestic utensils, with a large sum of money he had received for one of his works;—all quite in accordance with the events narrated in the following pages.

This fragment, together with a journal

of his travels in the Netherlands with his wife and Susanna, letters to Pirkheimer and other friends, and various interesting details, is given in a small volume published in 1828 by Dr. Friedrich Campe, a citizen of Nürnberg, entitled "Relics of Albert Dürer." By it I find that the leading facts in the life of the great painter are closely adhered to by the novelist. The history of the little Agnes, however, must be imaginary; unless indeed Schefer is correct in saying, that from her early death, and having been scarcely known among men, the memory of her had passed away. I should also mention that Campe gives some poetic effusions from the pen of Dürer;—but truth obliges me to say, that though a master in the art of painting, he seems to have been but a journeyman in the sister art of poetry.

In the journal, he tells of the manner in which he and his wife and Susanna were entertained at Antwerp by the

painters and their wives; of the silver service and the extravagantly fine dinner, and how they were conducted home late at night by all the company carrying torches; also at Bruges how he was entertained with like magnificence, an account of which he concludes by saying that more than sixty persons accompanied him home with many torches. He mentions having been present at a banquet given by the Emperor Charles V. to the King of Denmark (his brother-in-law), and also at one given by the King to the Emperor and Margaret (Governess of the Netherlands) in return. In reference to the latter, his words are—"He invited me, and I ate with them there." Honours were heaped on him wherever he went, also costly presents of wine and other articles of luxury. He tells of the storm he encountered on the coast, after having left his wife at Antwerp, and of the numerous pictures he gave away; to the Bishop of Bamberg, who invited him to

his house and paid for him at the inn ; to the King of Denmark, and many others. It seems, indeed, as the novelist says, to have been his delight to give pleasure to every one. But his journey to the Netherlands was nearly fruitless in all but honours. Margaret, especially, considered him richly rewarded by fair words for many works he had executed for her, and others he had presented to her besides.

In this little volume Campe publishes a remarkable letter of Pirkheimer, printed from his own handwriting and addressed to Tscherte, the Emperor's architect at Vienna, in which he very plainly accuses Agnes of having been the cause of her husband's death. He says—"She gnawed into his heart;" that "she gave him no peace night or day;" and that in consequence "he wasted away to a skeleton;" that she urged him to work, for no other reason than that he might make money to leave to her; and adds that he (Pirk-

heimer) had often reproved her for her conduct, and prophesied what would be the end of it: but these friendly warnings gained him nothing but ill will. All this Dürer seems to have borne with the utmost meekness, quite in conformity with the character drawn of him by Schefer. He was patient under a hard lot—a picture of composure throughout all his domestic trials. In his published writings, as given by Campe, there is not a single word of complaint to be found; but his letters to Pirkheimer from Venice breathe a spirit of sadness, especially in anticipation of his return home. In the account of his mother's death, he says that she had suffered many severe sicknesses, great poverty, mockery, contempt, scornful words, fear, and great reverses; but he never says from whom she had to endure this mockery and contempt; only there is no mention of Agnes having assisted in rendering the last duties to her husband's mother; and Dürer himself, after

telling that his Father had confided her to his care, says—"Two years after my father's death, I took my mother home to my own house, *for she had nothing more.*" Thus Schefer seems to be justified in his conclusion that Agnes was the cause of all this. That he did much to please her is evident throughout: among other things, while in the Netherlands he notes down in his journal different articles he had bought for her, such as fine ivory combs, a cage for a small green parrot that had been presented to her, and what he calls "a thin Flemish stuff for the head."

From Campe's estimate of him as a man and an artist, we find that nature and an inquiring mind were his teachers; untiring patience and boundless industry the genii that accompanied him through life. He opened up his own path on all sides: we have to thank him for the invention of etching; he wrote the first work on fortification; one on the proportions

of the human body, one on perspective, and many others besides ; he was the first who made rules for the art of writing, and gave a better form to the letters ; he was about to begin a work on landscape painting, when death called him away. He was a designer, painter, architect, sculptor, and engraver on wood as well as metal. He made woodcuts of the life of Christ in thirty-nine pieces. One of his best specimens in this style is St. Eustacius kneeling before a stag which has a crucifix between its horns. At Prague, besides his picture of Adam and Eve, there is one of Christ bearing the Cross. His own picture, which he sent to Raphael, came into possession of Giulio Romano, who placed it among the curiosities in the palace of Mantua. At Venice there is an Ecce Homo ; and in the gallery at Florence, besides his own portrait, are the representations of St. Philip and St. James, and an Adam and Eve. The people of Nürnberg still care-

fully preserve in the public hall his portraits of Charlemagne and some of the Emperors of the house of Austria; also the twelve Apostles, whose drapery is remarkable; and in the church of St. Sebaldus, in which he was married, a very old building in the pure Gothic style, one part of which, St. Peter's Chapel, situated between the towers, dates as far back as the tenth century, there is a picture by him of the entombment of Christ, said to be excellent. Fuseli says that the colouring of Dürer went beyond his age, and that in easel pictures it as far excelled the oil colour of Raphael in juice and breadth and handling, as Raphael excelled him in every other quality.

He knew not what it was to envy other artists; he rejoiced over everything that was good, and praised whatever there was to praise. If an ill executed work was brought to him, he said good-humouredly—"Well, the master has done

his best." He was well versed in the Scriptures, and they furnished materials for his best representations. He never lent his talent to indecency; his art was as pure as his morals. His facility was inconceivable. Bellini wished to have from him the pencil with which he drew hair so minutely; Dürer held out to him a handful of every kind, telling him to take any one he liked, for that he could do it with them all. Once in a party of artists, when every one was giving a proof of his skill, Dürer took a piece of chalk and drew quite off-hand a circle on the table, telling them that they might bring compasses and measure it; which being done, it was found to the astonishment of all present that he had hit it to a hair.

Of his outward appearance, Campe says that he was well made, his chest manly and broad, his hands slight, his brow serene, his nose slightly aquiline, his hair dark brown, falling in natural curls

over his shoulders, his expression kindly and open, and that there was something so pleasant in his talk, that he was listened to with attention and delight.

He seems to have been warmly attached to the principles of the Reformation. When he was in the Netherlands in 1521, news came that Luther had been seized and carried off to the Castle of Wartburg. Thinking that he had fallen into the hands of his enemies, Dürer was overwhelmed with grief, and gave vent to his feelings in a very pathetic lamentation and prayer, which are given in the journal.

The house in which Dürer lived and died is of very considerable dimensions, and stands at the corner of the street called at that time Zisselgasse, but now Albrecht Dürer's Strasse, and is nearly opposite to one of the gates leading into the Imperial Castle. In his day it seems to have stood at the extremity of the city, but is now quite surrounded by buildings

which have arisen on all sides. Campe says that in 1826 he, as a member of the magistracy, bought for the city from the proprietor of the house a balcony where Dürer used to work, for which he paid 1675 florins, and that it is carefully preserved as a relic. He also gives a letter from Louis, the present King of Bavaria, so well known as a liberal encourager of the arts, shewing a high appreciation of Dürer as an artist, and proposing that a statue should be erected in honour of him in his native city. To this Campe says that such a letter from such a King is itself the best monument to the memory of the Artist.

Dürer's ancestors were Hungarians, inhabitants of a small village called Ey-tas, whence his grandfather Anton Dürer came to Nürnberg, and there learned the trade of a goldsmith, which was held in much higher repute in these days than it is now, and argued a more than ordinary advancement in art. His father

and himself continued the same trade, which he pursued even after having become a renowned painter and engraver. His wife, who survived him eleven years, carried on the business after his death; and when she died, it was taken up by his brother Andreas, the only one of all his numerous family who survived him. His wife's parents died in still greater poverty than his own, and also in the midst of severe trials and reverses.

Dürer's father, in noting down the births of his children, never mentions the day or the month, but just the year and the Saint's day on which the birth took place, which is indeed a common practice among Catholics.

His son Albert was born on the day of St. Prudentius, 1471 (the 6th of April), on which Good Friday fell in that year; and he died also on the 6th of April 1528, and in Passion Week; according to Schefer on Maunday Thursday. Dürer died of consumption in the 57th year of his age,

Campe says weary of life, his body emaciated, and his fine aspect gone. As far back as 1521, he says in his journal—“ In the third week after Easter I was attacked by a burning fever, together with great weakness, loathing, and headache; and, as formerly when in Zealand, I was again overcome by a *strange sickness of which I never heard before from any one, and this sickness I have yet.*” He was then in the Netherlands, and every page in the journal after this date contains entries of money paid for medical advice. This was seven years before his death; but the *strange sickness* here mentioned was most probably the beginning of the fatal disease which brought him gradually down to a premature grave. A joint sepulchre was built for his father-in-law and himself in the churchyard of St. John; and an epitaph, written by his friend and patron Pirkheimer, was inscribed on his gravestone. But Sandrart, who came to Nürnberg in 1674, and con-

tinued there till his death in 1688, the founder of the Academy of painting, and who may with truth be called the Winkelmann of his age, was not satisfied with this inscription, and added two others, in one of which he calls Dürer "The prince of artists." He also caused the gravestone to be renewed, and placed it as it now stands.

The Pirkheimers were a family of considerable wealth and importance in Nürnberg, and Dürer's friend was in every way the means of his advancement in early life. But Dürer himself was for many years in easy circumstances, although he always lived with the utmost frugality. His disposition was naturally cheerful, and his conversation so agreeable that his society was much sought after, and he was for many years chief magistrate of his native city. Pirkheimer deeply lamented his friend, whom he only survived three years.

One word as to the translation. The

volume of Schefer's Novels containing the following story, fell into my hands about two years ago, and seemed to me to possess very considerable interest; but I was long deterred from attempting a translation of it, by the great difficulty of the task. I have not—I do not pretend to have executed it well: of this at least I am certain, that I have not satisfied myself. I fear I may have erred in being too literal; but I could not avoid this without frittering away what appeared to me to be the charm and peculiarity of the style. Knowing all its defects, I have only to plead in arrest of judgment, that it is my first attempt in the way of translation, that the author's style is extremely elliptical, and his meaning in many parts obscure. But I lost myself in my interest in the subject; and have only now to hope that my readers will go and do likewise.

Edinburgh, Feb. 1848.



**Willibald Pirckheimer to the Nineteenth
Century, Greeting :**

MAunday Thursday had passed away into
Night : my House was already closed.
The Lamp shone from the arched Roof of my
Chamber upon the Floor below : I stood with
my hot Forehead leaning on the cool Panes of
the stained Window, and through the Points
of colourless Glass gazed at the dark Clouds
as they sailed over the full Moon. My Soul
was sorrowful, for my Friend, the dear Master
Albert Dürer, lay on his Deathbed. I re-
flected on the course of our past Lives : how

dear, how kind, how precious, he had been to me, and I to him—and there he lay now! The World looked the same as ever; the Walls shook not, nor changed, for as fixedly as I gazed on them; and yet there was a Man about to pass away, such as Nürnberg would never see again. Alas! and I too remained as motionless. I had not visited my Friend for a Year, nor he me; and when I saw him at a distance on the street, tottering along, I shunned him, and had already given him up as one numbered with the Dead. But my Anger was Love towards him! Anger on account of the Weakness I thought I discovered in him, and which made him wretched; but this he would never confess—he only smiled. But when I saw him becoming each time paler; the Hand with which he pressed mine ever more and more wasted; then did I bewail the Fate of the noble Man, “the Prince of Artists,” as he was called. He read in my Eyes what my Heart was bursting to say to him again, for I had already said it

a hundred times. He always evaded the subject by some friendly remark;—indeed, so accustomed was he to this, that none but a Friend, such as myself, could tell how much the habit cost him. I could not look upon him thus going down to the Grave in the Prime of Life and the Maturity of his Powers, like a Tree when bringing forth goodly Fruit—so I thought it better not to see him again at all. He read the Heart of his Friend, and shunned me also. All this he endured, until at length his Heart had become thoroughly like unto refined Gold; he had been changed into a mild smiling Image of Patience, and, by virtue of the patient Sufferings of a Lifetime, had this advantage over others, that he awaited Death with a calm and smiling Countenance. For this I often considered him wise and happy; and yet at the same time my Heart was rebellious. Now, however, during those latter Days, since he had been laid on his Deathbed, I had no longer any Peace. Often had I

gone to his Door, and lifted the Knocker—then let it gently down again, and hastened away, as quickly as an old Man might. But if at any time I resolved not to go to him, then my Heart was ready to burst, and I could find rest nowhere. As for him, he was satisfied with everything; nothing could now befall him which was not welcome and good; and I almost persuaded myself that he was equally satisfied with whatever I did, or left undone.

This Evening, however, some Foreigners devoted to the Arts had arrived to see the Father and Master of the German Artists. They proposed to serenade him—then went I weeping away, and thought of the Friend who this very Night, perhaps might depart thither—where the Moon was floating among the golden Clouds; that Moon which still shone young and full over our Heads, growing grey with Years, and which almost appeared to me at that moment like a Spirit. I was deeply moved when I called to mind the

tender feeling Words in which some unknown
human Heart had found an Utterance :

Here dies a Mortal—What hath *Nature* lost?
Her hundred thousand Children comfort her ;
The Heaven with her eternal Stars remains
Serene as was her wont ; and to the Moon
Comes no Calamity : she still shines on.
But he, the Man who died, he was *my Friend* !
I, wretched, such a Friend find not again.
So to the smiling Moon and Sky serene
I weep forlorn—Alas ! *without a Friend* !

Suddenly I heard the sound of quick Foot-
steps on the Pavement below. I saw a female
Figure. She stood still, looked up to the
Moon, wrung her Hands, and pressed them
to the Temples of her reclining Head. Thus
she stood for a long Time : then suddenly
recollecting herself, she approached the Door
of my House, and knocked. The Door was
closed. She then impatiently pulled the bell,
and the Sound echoed throughout the solitary
Dwelling. But the Shadow which fell in front
of me on the Panes of Glass, had betrayed to

me who it was. She knocked. I remained motionless. She called out: Master *Wilibald*!—*Pirkheimer*! Senator! Master Imperial Counsellor!—I smiled scornfully. The Voice was the Voice of the beautiful *Agnes*, the Wife of my dying Friend *Albert*—therefore I hearkened not. Then, heated and impatient as she was, she knocked in with the palm of her Hand one of my most beautiful Panes of painted Glass, which I would not have given for a hundred Florins. Are you asleep? she then called in to me with her beautiful Voice; are you dreaming? Your Friend, your *Albert*, is at the point of Death, and entreats you to come to him. Ah! he was a good Man after all! These words, *he was!* pierced me to the Heart. They spoke of the Living as already among the Dead—and, infected by her warmth, I struck out another Pane of Glass with the Hand that held my bonnet, which made Mistress *Agnes* start back. God will judge you! muttered I. But——I come.

It was that of the Master's little Daughter in her Coffin, watched over by an Angel holding a Palm Branch, who, only half visible from the left side, bent over the small sweet Face of the Child. But the Face of the Angel was that of the Mother of the Child, the beautiful *Agnes* in the bloom of Youth, with an expression of genuine Sorrow and yet of saintlike Hope faithfully depicted on it. On the Coffin were painted three large Brazen Shields, the centre one of which represented the Countenance of the Father, Master *Albert* himself, with his Eyes closed. The Shield at the Head of the Child bore the Face of *Albert's* Mother *Barbara*; and the one at the Feet that of her Husband, the Child's Grandfather. Here, then, had the loving Master thus sadly and beautifully conjoined all who were dearest to him on Earth.

Perhaps he might just now have been contemplating that Picture.

I gazed on him mournfully. There rested on the red silk Coverlet of the Bed that Hand

formerly so beautiful, so soft, so slight—but how powerless now! There it now rested too surely for ever! His Brow was as serene, and the expression of his Countenance as pleasing and open as ever. His slightly aquiline Nose was still, as it had ever been, expressive of that calm Courage which seemed to have been given him for the purpose of *Endurance* alone. His ample Hair hung on each side in Curls on his Shoulders; but it was no longer dark-brown as it had formerly been; it was now grey. The Beard alone, which covered the Chin, and descended till it touched the middle of the Throat, was yet dark. His benign Eye was gently closed.—I sighed.

He is not asleep, said *Susanna*, the Master's faithful Attendant, now grown old in his service, and who had noiselessly approached me, I knew not from whence; he has been longing much to see you!

Art thou come at last? said *Albert*, smiling, but without opening his eyes. He held out his Hand towards me, but not *to me*, for I gave

him mine, and immediately he opened his Eyes wide.—I thought it was *Agnes!* sighed he, almost inaudibly; and behold! it is my Friend, my *Wilibald!* She—she is afraid to stay with me, as if Death could approach Men visibly! Ah! he comes from the Depths within—out of our Life! Believe me, *Wilibald*, that is the doing of the Lord. He alone can do it; such is His Will. So let it be! No one can kill Angels—we die, because we are mortal. Also no one can *destroy* us, neither suddenly nor gradually; he can only shorten Life, nought else, and that is doing little or nothing.

He? or *She?* Whom dost thou mean, thou ever excellent One? asked I significantly.

I no longer mean any one, said he in a tone of resignation. But that thou also shouldst no longer accuse any one—that do I owe to *her*, and to thee, yea to myself. Man, who stands in need of Grace, does well to be *just*. This is in his own Power.

He now gave me a Key from the golden

Chain which hung around his Neck. In doing this, it occurred to him to take the Chain off altogether, and lay it aside; and as it fell link by link from his failing Hand, with a gentle sound on the little Table beside him, I felt nearly frozen, and thought, Thus do worldly Honours depart from us!

Long mayst thou wear thine! resumed *Albert*. In Life no one can be blamed for acting reasonably. Here is now the Key. Take from my Chest, not my Book of Travels, not my Journal, these thou knowest already—but the History of my Married Life. Read!—preserve it. Leave it in Trust to some widely-spread honourable Family. When none of my own are remaining, when these Leaves have become matter of History alone, when they are no longer the “Goads and Nails”* of the Preacher, then will its genuine Truth yet speak to the Heart; and if it make only one Wife more patient when need is, only one

* Ecclesiastes, xii. 11.

Husband more careful to perform what he vowed to his Wife before God ; then have I not suffered in vain, as I *in vain* suffered. For whatever makes us better—is good. And everything can do this, if we so will it, if we understand it aright.

Good Master—will I not call thee, said I with emotion, for this epithet hath a Greater only permitted to the Greatest ! but Faithful, Gentle, Noble Master, Teacher, Man, and Friend ; these will Posterity recognise in thee, as my Tears do now.

He changed the subject playfully, and said, If thou wilt trust me with a little Billet to thy alas ! too-early-lost *Crescenzia*—then write ! this Night it will be delivered. It is said the Dead have this power ; but they are silent Messengers who indeed bring no answer. For this then thou must pardon me ! He smiled, and pressed the Key between my Hands with both of his, whilst we gazed into each other's Eyes.

His words had awakened in me an inex-

pressible longing after my excellent Wife. Ah! she was good—hence the danger; since what is good—is divine. Ah! she was good and—gone. I lived! *Albert* was dying—his *Agnès* left—through whom his Life had been *shortened*, but who could not *rob* him of it, as he himself solemnly affirmed.

I found the Manuscript he had mentioned; I held its few Leaves in my Hand—how heavy they felt! as I lifted them sighing, and with a glance at my Friend. Wearied by the exertion of speaking, he had fallen into a Slumber, his Hands folded on the Coverlet. Exhausted also by night-watching, *Susanna*, with her Head buried in her blue apron, sat in her Master's velvet Arm-Chair, and slept.

And thus, surrounded only by Sleepers and by Pictures on the Wall, I sat down alone at the large Table with the green Cover, trimmed the Lamp, drew it nearer, unfolded and read. What I then thought, I afterwards noted down, adding small asterisks, and also the initials of my name, a *W.* and a *P.*, to each Note. So

much for thee, dear Reader, in the Days which to me are no Days ; only absolute Time ; only mysterious Love and Blessedness, and Light and Glory—but without thy Sun!—Yet read!





Married Life of Master *A. D.*

For devout Disciples of the Arts,
prudent Maidens, as well as
for the Profit and Instruction
of all Christendom,
given to the
Light.

“To be right in a wrong way—is wrong.”

Should the above Initials of the Artist, in
after Years, be still known among Men,
then will they also know the Name of the
Artist, and some may even be led to inquire

as to the actual Life of the Man. For the Artist has a double Existence; one in Imagination and in his Works, the other as a Man in his Home; and each pervades, completes, and supports the other, and neither is long, without the other, good and available. Should this Life, then, so deeply rooted in the Earth, become matter of curiosity—and when his Works have been contemplated, the Life of the Master should be inquired after—no Account founded on any solid Basis could be given; for those who knew about his earthly Life were of Earth, like himself. But they might perhaps hear of the Sufferings of the good Master; might perhaps accuse him of having been no faultless Husband, and her no praiseworthy Wife. God forbid!—and may these Words, interpose like a Sword, or as the Angel with the flaming Sword before this lost—Paradise! The Fantasies of the Master have passed away with his Soul; his Works bear evidence of his Feelings, of his Conceptions of Nature, of his Views and Capacities; nay, all these they

in a great measure themselves are ; much also of his Life is mingled and inseparably intertwined with these, or runs through them like a Woof; of this, therefore, let nothing be said : Sentence has already been passed. But the following was written by his better self, when having fancied himself in Suffering, he thus from the Fancy actually suffered, and in conquering the Fancy, conquered also the Suffering. This then was his Consolation : to discover the Goodness, the Integrity of his Wife ; to unveil her deeply-concealed Love, and with delight to acknowledge it ! and this gave him not only Courage, but Joyfulness ; so that his own Love had again free scope, and what he had thought and felt in the secret Depths of his ever-imaginative Mind, afterwards passed into his Fantasies, unconsciously moved him to create, and to his own surprise became embodied in his Works. Thus does the wiser also become the better Artist. *His* Wisdom, however, is calm Serenity and powerful Love. He who

beholds all things clear as in a Glass, and in all the Productions of his creative Power sees only a reflection of himself and of his Love—he it is who is the good, the happy, yea the highest Artist. We are but Journeymen.*

Everything well considered, however, it is Treason to the World strictly to conceal the Workings of the inner Man. The mighty Events in the outward World, Deeds of Violence, Murders and Outrages, these serve only to startle and to confound—Men scarcely comprehend them! and fortunate for them that it is so! They are so rarely for the profit of Individuals;—should they then be perpetuated by means of the Arts through long Ages of the World for many Generations! Far from it!—better far perpetuate the Human, the Ordinary, yea the Everyday! for these after all are not so evident as most people fancy. In this way is brought to light what is in Man, and the Minds of Men

* Students of the Arts, Pupils.—*W. P.*


are thereby advanced and elevated ! and if all that comes to Light be not beautiful, still it is true, and leads to Peace and Happiness.





How Master *Albert* took unto
Himself a Wife.

The Countryman he wooes his Land ;
The Noble Rank and high Command ;
The Workman Home and Skill of Hand ;
The Merchant he strives Wealth to gain ;
The Painter's bound in Beauty's Chain ;
But all a Wife seek to obtain.

 T Whitsunday of the Year 1490, *Albert*
set out on his Travels for the study
of the Fine Arts ; at Whitsunday of the Year
1494 he heard again the Stroke of the *Nürnberg*
Clock.

The Joy of Meeting is well worth the Pain
of Separation. The Father had bought his

Son a House, had given him his own *Susanna*, a poor adopted Child, as Housekeeper ; had provided the Rooms thriftily with household Furniture ; Contentment and Happiness, Industry and Art—these he brought with him ; and now was he in very deed to become a Painter in the City of the Twelve Hills.

His Father took him, dressed in his best, first of all to the House of his Godfather *Anton Koburger*, who took great Delight in him ; afterwards to all the Members of that Body, of which his Father was also one. From the House of Master *Michael Wohlgemuth*, the Painter, Engraver, and Woodcutter, with whom *Albert* for three Years, beginning in the Year 1486, had diligently and painfully studied, because he had had much to endure from his fellow-workmen, they crossed the Street to the House of the lively Harp-player and Singer, *Hanns Frei*, who was also an Optician. But among the most bewitching Works in the heavenly Workshop of the heathen God *Sephästus*, could no such living

Miracle have stood, as was now to be seen in the House of *Hanns Frei*, in the Person of his Daughter *Agnes*, a young *Nürnberg* Maiden of fifteen, who was playing on the Harp.

Is it possible that *Nürnberg* contains such a beautiful Maiden? said he to himself. I thought I had left them all in *Italy*, beyond *Mestre*. Have I got back my Senses and my Heart? as if suddenly borne after me into my Home by a Dove! Have I my Eyes again? The Voice which I heard before the Door was opened, was it not one of those Angel voices? Only this modest Blush on the lily Cheeks was not to be seen there! nor the timid Eye turned towards the ground, covered by a large Eyelid like a Bell-flower! and as if bordered by long Eyelashes! What a Picture!—what a Delight—a Wife! a Heaven upon Earth—in *Nürnberg*! Oh thou dear native Town!

These Thoughts and Feelings passed as quickly through the Mind of the young Mas-

ter, as a golden Cloud flies through the Heavens; but they left a Shadow behind: for Love is no Cloud, but the Polar Star, amidst the splendour and radiance of the Northern-light.*

He shall paint thee, dear *Agnes*, said *Albert's* Father.—She raised her Eyes, and looked gloomily at me.†

Now, Daughter, said Master *Frei*, do not look quite so Angry about the matter—there will be time enough for that in Master *Albert's* Dwelling.

For Painting? or for looking Angry? said *Agnes* to him, quickly changing colour from the most glowing Red to snow-white Paleness. She looked meanwhile somewhat smilingly at the young *Albert*, and at the same time gently shook her head, as if warning him not to believe what her Father had said. For that was quite another matter,

* This star is also often called *the little Bear*.—*W. P.*

† This “me” betrays the Autobiography.—*W. P.*

and must take place and unfold itself in a very different manner. The Father was blowing the Rose open violently ; but genial Warmth and Dew alone could unfold it by degrees, and cause it to open its Heart and give forth its Perfume, so that it might not fade away before next morning, leaving no Perfume behind.

All was now made evident to *Albert*, when his Father said to the Father of *Agnes*, I have done my part, I have given him a tolerable Establishment ; the young Wife will do the rest according to her own wishes and desires. For all married Pairs have their own fancies, as to how the Table must stand, and where the Bed, so that the Cradle may not knock against it : we and our better Halves have also enjoyed this Right in our Day.

Thou shalt have two hundred Florins for thy portion, my Daughter, said Father *Frei*, smiling. And now join hands ! We have betrothed you already in our own Minds ; let it be done now also in reality, in order that

we may see you ratify what we from old Friendship and before God have purposed.

Albert could not think of saying No to such a beautiful Creature as *Agnes*, nor yet could *Agnes* to him. She should have given him her Hand, but stood still like an immovable Work of *Sephästus*, grave Bashfulness depicted in her nobly-formed Countenance. Her Father made a Sign to her;—without moving, she allowed the Youth of twenty-three to take her Hand, but she pressed his so suddenly and so vehemently, that he started, and gazed into the Eyes of the inexplicable Child. She sighed, her youthful Bosom stood upheaved from suppressed breathing, Tears streamed from her dark Eyelids; she disengaged herself and hastened away.

It is just the Nature of all such, said Master *Frei*, comforting him. He pressed him to his Bosom, and gave him now his Blessing alone.—She has had hers already by her Obedience to my Will, said he. Master

Wohlgemuth has presented you both with Rings. Therefore *be of good cheer!** and go into the Garden, and persuade the little Maiden there to take one of them—or lay it down beside her. It is not the Nature of such to leave it lying. From you certainly not!

Albert did as he was bidden. *Agnes* was reclining in an Arbour, her Head resting on the Bosom of her Sister, who looked at him, and smiled thoughtfully, but at the same time as one who was much offended. *Agnes* did not rise, but she raised her Eyes to her Bridegroom, and they rested full on him, and she seemed desirous of keeping his Look firmly fixed on herself. For beside the Sisters sat another beautiful Maiden called *Clara*, who was the Sister of *Wilibald Pirkheimer*, as *Albert* learned forthwith. When, however, *Agnes* saw how he gazed at the Maiden,

* *Wohlgemuth* means "Be of good cheer."—*Translator's Note.*

and as an Artist dwelt with Delight on her fair Countenance and delicate Form, she drew in her Ring-Finger. But when *Clara* took hold of her little Hand, *Agnes* seemed to have no longer Power to withhold it, and *Clara* placed the Ring gravely on her Friend's Hand. Then they all three arose and walked away, *Agnes* in the middle; meanwhile *Albert* looked on the Ground, then glanced after them, then looked down again, and remained so standing with closed Eyes, and full of contending Emotions.

His Father was the first to rouse the Dreamer. Well, my Son, have I not chosen well for thee? asked he with a satisfied air.

Well! beautifully!—and yet not well! replied he.

Happy, said his Father, are the Parents who can rely on their Sons and Daughters, and bring them up well, so that a Father's Will should not only be salutary for them, but appear to be so to them. Does not the Father of us all choose Time and Place for

us? Does He not provide all that is to meet our Eye in our own Days? There is no other Leaf, nor Cloud, nor Wife, nor Child, nor Husband, to be seen, than those He has chosen for us. And will He change them forsooth on our account? He creates them according to His own will, and yet He devotes them to our use. What then can have been His Intention? He has loved us only—designs that we should love Him, and that what He has created should be worthy of our Love, just because it is His Gift!—My Son, be sure to let that be your Thought in Everything: think thus of thy Father; and also of thy young Wife; and if it be not so, still it might and should be so. My Father pointed out a Maiden to me; I revered his Will, and she became my Wife. As I became reconciled to her name—for she was called *Barbara*—then being reconciled, began to love it, because I loved her, because my Father loved her—so wilt thou also love the beautiful, singular, modest, prudish *Agnes*.

She will be Faithful to thee, for her Mother is an excellent Woman. He who chose for me, however, was only my Master, *Hieronymus Haller*, my Father in the Arts: thine is thy own Father!

She is only fifteen years old! said *Albert* mildly.

My Son, said the Father, that is the right Age at which a Man attaches to himself not only the first awakening of the Heart, of the Eyes, and of all the Senses, but even the Dreams of his Wife, and her pure and single Love. And should she afterwards think and feel otherwise—behold! she is already bound by rosy Fetters! Little Arms are twined around her Neck, her House demands her Care during the Day, Night calls for Repose. Thus she grows up with her Children, and when she sees in her Boys and Girls the Love they bear to their Father, she cannot fail to learn it from them! and when they cling around his Knees, and she twines her Arms around his Neck, and both look down on the

beloved little Ones whom the one owes to the other alone—what must she feel? And mark well,—nothing is strange to her; no Allurement has Novelty to offer, no Novelty anything better or more blessed than what she may enjoy in Peace and Tranquillity, giving Thanks to God!

I am only three and twenty years old, said *Albert* again.

My Son, said he, that is the right age, at which a Wife may hope to have her Husband long spared to her. The Husband is a Father; Years do not fail him in the beginning, as they do alas! at last; when such a want leads only to Disappointment and Misery. I married a Wife of fifteen, when I was already older than thou art. Thou knowest I have dedicated eighteen Children to the Lord at the baptismal Font; that is a Harvest for me in Heaven! I have brought up eighteen human Beings I know not how; that is a Harvest for me on Earth! We were young with the Mother—Suffering was light, Happi-

ness was Felicity ! The Mother took as much pleasure in decking herself as her Girls ; the Father was brisk and nimble, playing about with his little Boys, willing to cover the Ball with network, or to fly the Kite. We were only like an elder Sister and Brother ; that thou thyself knowest. And if thy Love to me was so much greater than that of other Children to their Parents, consider that it arose hence, that when thou wert older, I continued to be thy Friend, yea thy Confident ; consider that it arose hence, that thou indeed didst become older, but I—not old ! so it ought to be—then is the married State not a sorrowful State ;* then the Father's Head does not ache from the noise of his Children ; he does not strike them at random and without feeling, nor call desiring them to sit still and be quiet—Education, nor Fear—Obedience ! then Boys do not weep or sneak around

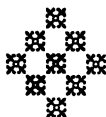
* The Germans have a Proverb:—“ *Ehestand ist Wehestand.* ” “ The married state is a sorrowful state.”
—*Translator's Note.*

a grey-haired old Man, and wander over the Earth when deprived of him without Counsel or Support. Then he rocks the Cradle of his Grandchildren !— Oh the Delight of Man ! and though he should depart hence, the Trees still bloom around, and blessed is his House ! Therefore — Early woo, never rue.

These fatherly Words overcame the loving Son ; his Father's Will became his Will, and he hoped that it would also become his Happiness. For his *Agnes* was beautiful— only he knew not how he had acquired the Treasure, since Angels are no longer to be seen on Earth. It had come to him so suddenly, but so much the more wished for, and his Heart, softened by the contemplation of Beauty in *Italy*, wound itself around the divine Form of *Agnes*, who had been sent to him as it were from Heaven, by the Hand of his Father. But the beautiful Maiden, who appeared to be favourable towards him, yet felt injured in womanly Dignity, hurt in the Purity of her Love, because she had been

constrained to yield him her Hand, before having given him an Answer or a Smile, and was angry with him that he had so received such a Gift; and angry with herself that her Heart nevertheless allured her towards the amiable Youth. Love desires Freedom, and even the appearance of Constraint causes Unhappiness, debases—the nobler the Heart is.*

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\* Here a good Feeling lay as a good Foundation to a tottering Building.—*W. P.*





## THE ERECTION

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rents that she was to be *Albert's*, unsettled the whole calm Course of her Life; and now there could never more be any bright Beginning, Foundation, or Progress in Love. Right is no Law for Love; it even offends the most delicate Mind. Therefore he never spoke of his relation to her; and when she, in the Levity of Youth, seemed to have forgotten all, then she opened her whole Soul to him, and he read deeply concealed Affection, yea even struggling Love, in her Eyes, which only the more suddenly and treacherously broke forth, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, even into his Arms, till Lip clung to Lip;—then she tore herself away from him, and

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therefore brought before him, but refusing to sacrifice to the gods, the sons were all condemned to different deaths, and their mother was beheaded four months after having witnessed and rejoiced in the martyrdom of her children. St. Felicitas is commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on the 23d of November, and her sons on the 10th of July. See Butler's "*Lives of the Saints.*"—*Translator.*

was for whole Days only the more grave and silent.

On the Wedding-Day he appeared before her, for the first time for many Days, in Bridegroom's Attire, and found her ready dressed in bridal Pomp. Thus everything seemed to be right, now and for ever. From that time all went on in the natural order of things.

It rained.

Even that did not put her out of humour, for Rain on the bridal Day promises to the young pair—Riches.

And now the beautiful *Agnes* stood before the Altar in the Church of St. Sebaldus. One of her Cheeks glowed purple red; the other, the right, which was turned towards him, was so much the paler. Thus to the audience she appeared as if ashamed and bashful. *Albert*, however, during the singing of the Hymn, looked at the carved work of the Altar, and the old stained Glass in the Windows, and greeted here and there with a slight nod some old Friend of his youth,

who saw him again there that Day for the first time, and joyfully greeted him from among the Crowd. *Agnes* reproved him for this by a slight touch of the Arm, as showing a want of pious Concentration of Thought on the important Step—the Spring's Equinox or the Solstice of our Life.

But how remarkable were the Words which the Godly Man chose as a Text for his ceremonial Address! and yet how deep and beautiful, by means of the Expounding and Application of them to us—and our small Hopes! for they were these:—

“ Be not forgetful to entertain Strangers, for thereby some have entertained Angels unaware.”\*

The Bride gazed at her future Husband, whom she ought to entertain *like* an Angel; he smiled upon her whom he was to entertain *as* an Angel, and the looks of both sunk to the ground before each other.

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\* *Some!* I have done so.—*W. P.*

They received many and distinguished Guests from the City at the House of the Bride, and both accepted of the Congratulations with visible emotion. The Bride sat at table next to the Bridegroom with a stiff demeanour. She would not allow the Myrtle Wreath to be taken off her little stubborn Head, and an old Lady excused her by saying, Everything has its time!—Thereupon *Agnes* tore it herself from among her Locks.

God preserve us! muttered the horrified old Lady.

At the end of the last course we heard a Cry, which proceeded from under the Table. It turned out that it had been uttered by my best Friend: his Face was bleeding; he went composedly towards the Door. *Agnes* half laughed, half cried.

I arose and followed him. He was sitting on the stone Seat under the Arch of the Doorway.

It is an old Custom—which I certainly cannot commend—that some one should dis-

tribute to every one of the Guests a little bit of the Bride's Garter, said he; but, *Albert*, you may rely upon this—you will suffer much, but you will have a faithful Wife.

The Bridegroom excused her, not without smiling.

But the other proceeded:—For whatever Woman, and more especially a young one, thinks so peculiarly, and thrusts from her so vigorously with her little bold Foot an honest old Custom, thinking nothing of Gibes and Uproar, she is in my opinion worthy of particular Honour. I am myself amazed, now I think of it. If a Custom prevails around us as clearly and evidently as Sunshine, then it is still a valid and living one. But things are changed now! The World judges of the propriety of these, and sometimes takes advantage of them perversely—and fettered by the restraint of Custom, which no Woman can openly throw off without exciting Laughter, many make grievous Sacrifices thereto!—The bold Bride is in the

right—I prophesy you Happiness and Unhappiness. Now Good-night!

He then went away, his Face concealed in his Handkerchief, and muttering through his teeth. The Servant hastily seized the unlighted Lantern, and carried it before him in a very odd manner.\*

Albert went in perplexed; some of the Guests crowded past him; the Company had all broken up, and departed with brief and quiet Greetings, or with no Greeting at all.

Thus the spacious decked-out apartment was now empty. The Bride still sat in her place, and nibbled crumbs of pastry. The Bridegroom placed himself beside her. She was silent, and he spoke not.

I am heartily sorry! exclaimed *Hanns Frei*, the Father-in-law, who was standing by himself in the apartment. I am sure I cannot drink all that! The delightful Meat

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\* The Servant was mine! and now I must freely confess, it was my Nose which bled!—*W. P.*

and Pastry look at me in vain, and cannot gain over my Heart to any feeling of compassion. But I will not be deprived of the Grandfather's Dance! Halloo! strike up, Pipers! strike up, Fiddlers! *One Man is still a Man.* When I am tired, then you shall have your Holiday.

The Music resounded. The Crowd looked in at the lighted Windows. Father *Frei* gravely led up his Wife to the Dance; she obeyed with difficulty, and the somewhat aged Pair danced to the old Rhyme and the old Tune:

When the Grandfather the Grandmother led up  
with glee,  
Then the Grandfather once more a Bridegroom  
was he!

A Bridegroom! a Bridegroom! repeated the Crowd at the outside of the Windows, at the same time clapping their Hands. The Grandfather *in spe* laughed and wept; the Mother became giddy, sat down—and the Marriage was over.

Father *Albert* visited his Son for the first time on the sixth Sunday after the Marriage. He found him alone, sat down, looked at him smilingly, and said:

Now, my dear Son, how goes it? Well? Thou hast now become quite another Man; thou art now a Husband. Oh the Honeymoon! the Honeymoon! on it depends for ever the Happiness of Wedlock. If a *Jacob* serve seven Years for a *Rachel*, and again seven Years, still he only serves, still he only comes to know the Bride, but not the Wife. The Bride shows herself only as she would like to be seen, and so does the Bridegroom: there is nothing then but soft talking, smiling, complaisance, feeling and giving Delight—a dreamlike Condition. Happy are they who thus die! yet it shall not so be, for they must live. But the Husband and Wife have dwelt and been educated in different Houses; they have acquired different habits and even many peculiarities, which have taken such deep root within them that they cannot be eradi-

cated, and which they will carry about with them through Life. And now the Wife must learn the peculiarities of her Husband, and bear with him; and he in like manner with those of his Wife. And how is this effected? Nature places them in the School of Love, and in the midst of glowing Feelings and blissful Fascination she gently displays to each the habits and merits and manner of Existence of the other, accustoms him smilingly and imperceptibly to the Occupations, and even to taste and praise the favourite Dishes of the other, and to consider that which is foreign to his habits, and even repulsive to him, not only endurable but pleasant, for the sake of the Beloved. Each comes to the knowledge of all this during the blissful Dream of Love, takes it kindly, and blends himself therewith in that rosy time when all is forgiven—all, even if he were the Child of a Murderer. And this happy Fascination, this bewitching Captivity, lasts long enough to stamp the Nature of the one upon

the other, half unconsciously, but to entire Satisfaction. Thus then they live placidly together and with a perfect Understanding, and love each other for their Faults as well as for their Virtues. Is it not so, my son? for Marriage is a beautiful Union, in which the Husband and Wife, having been joined for ever by Heaven, turn to the noblest Ends of Humanity whatever there may be that is peculiar in the Heart and Mind of each, all finely blended together by Love.

He then looked around him in the House, and went into the different Apartments, found and greeted his Daughter-in-law, and with these fair and wise Words he had, according to his own opinion, defined and settled the whole Condition of the young Pair.

But it was not so! Now was *the Artist's Married Life* begun; and the question arises, whether even the most loving Maiden can thoroughly understand him. She has a Lifetime in which to study him, as he has also to study himself and Life. All other Men

are conceivable and penetrable in their Bearing and in their Mind; the Artist is a Flower which blooms from one Development into another as long as he lives. And if he shut up his blooming Heart, then he is dead. And his Works are the stamina of the Flower evolved into Seed, which the Wind sows over the Earth, and bloweth—where it listeth. Therefore to be the Wife of such an one, Patience is needed, and nothing can nurse the Plant but the heavenly Patience of a faithful fostering Hand.

The beautiful *Agnes* had entered as it were into a new Sphere—a magic Sphere for her. There was scarcely anything she understood, or as to which she could take an interest in her Husband, otherwise than as a gentle, careful Wife. And yet she wished to do so; for in her concealed Love for her Husband, nothing was indifferent to her which moved his Soul or filled his Heart. And many things, so much that was enigmatical to her, appeared to move his Soul and to fill his

Heart! And she alone thought to fill that Heart! while he appeared to know and silently to worship a still deeper and more holy Power than her and her Love, yea the Godly, the Immortal, the Mysterious. Then again everything peculiar in his inward bent and manner of thinking appeared so clearly, and yet also so doubtfully and impenetrably to her Mind, to have its Foundation in the World around, and to be closely connected therewith, that it was often well with her and often seething hot. But as a Wife, all she cared about was his Love—of that alone she wished to be certain.


She concluded, therefore, the Honeymoon in this wise, that one Night she fell sick. The Master was greatly alarmed. She longed for some Groundsel Tea. But nothing was to be found—no Frying-pan, no Chips, no Coals; everything seemed to have vanished. *Susanna* appeared. And now sat the good Master, and held the little Pot with Water over the flame of the Lamp to boil, till it

became too hot for his Fingers, and then *Susanna* held it by the Handle till it was too hot for her again, and willingly the Master took it in his turn. Thus they both sat, talking in an undertone, and looking at each other with anxious Countenances, till it boiled. When, however, *Susanna* was gone, and he carried the bitter Beverage to his dear beautiful *Agnes*, there she lay laughing under the Coverlet. She flung her Arms round his Neck, and said, I only wished to see whether thou really carest for me! Now drink thine own Groundsel, to cure thy Fright! And he drank, whilst she blew upon his smarting Fingers, kissing meanwhile the Points of them.

Ah! the Sceptic! that was certainly a very mischievous Deed!—unimportant, it is true, yea lovely to behold, like a glittering Ring around a young Bough in early Spring. But it will become a Nest full of Caterpillars, and deprive the Tree of its Adornment just at the time when it should bloom most luxuriantly.



## The Year of Strife.

 LL good men have known the blessing of profound Sleep. To that silent holy Kingdom, full of Thoughts and Images from which they at the first as Children wonderfully endowed entered into Life, they return every Night to refresh themselves: their Consciousness, circumscribed by Day, and which without Sleep would at length become small, narrow and pitiful, sets therein like the Sun, and their Mind returns every Morning renovated, strengthened, and enlarged, coming forth joyfully like a Bridegroom out of his Chamber. Even the Flowers close in the Evening; they sleep in the Moon-

light, midst the Brilliancy of the Stars and the Songs of the Nightingales, as if these sweet Songstresses were their Nurses, and in the Morning their Heart is more open, fuller, more fragrant. If an Artist, therefore, be deprived of Sleep, if he must break off his morning Dreams, during which he brings to the light of day and transfers to his waking hours what he has beheld in the World of Spirits, as if it were contraband within Earth's limits, then good-night to Fancy! farewell to her Works, sprung from the Mind, deeply felt in the Heart, and nourished with the innermost Marrow of Life! For then are they only—Handicraftswork, conceived in the Day, in the Day executed, and in the Evening forgotten—Piecework, like to *Nürnberg* Gingerbread. And to make even that, the Dough must ferment and ripen for three Years.

The Master was now for the first time deprived of this Morning Sleep. Now *Agnes* did not well know of what value it was to

him; but she could not have grudged him this enjoyment, if she had thought it was as sweet to him as it was to her. She considered it only Laziness in him, but not in herself; for her it was Ease. However, young Wives like to sleep long—and Albert might think: Perhaps there ripens another Godly Work of our Heavenly Father in the sweet Slumberer midst her blissful morning Dreams! So then he arose early, and thus was his first Blessing gone! were it not that he acquired another in its stead, in thus gazing on his beautiful beloved Wife—in the innocent arms of Sleep, the rosy Glow of a holy World on her Cheek, as a visible reflection of the same in the earthly Sphere—like a new morning Dawn on an ancient Godlike Statue.

At this early period, the young Master was called to the house of *Wilibald Pirkheimer*. *Agnes* knew what was to be the object of his visit, so his lace Collar was not washed, nor yet plaited, or in putting it on,

*Agnes* spoilt it again herself. *Susanna* dared not venture to trim his black velvet Cloak, or his Shoes with their Roses. The Master was obliged to do it in secret for himself. For *Wilibald* had kindly threatened to come for him himself. He came and carried him off, to draw a Picture of his Sister *Clara*. This was what he had to do.

He found the beautiful Maiden—surrounded by lovely little Children—paler than at the time when she had placed the bridal Ring on the Finger of his *Agnes* in the Garden, her Eye more veiled, her Demeanour still softer and more modest, so that he felt quite strange in the flower-adorned, sunny apartment, quite peculiarly embarrassed to find himself alone with her. She sat down; he drew the outline of her lovely Countenance; she did not raise her Eyes—he was obliged to ask her to do so. She then looked at him, her whole Soul in the Glance; then her Lips quivered, she became still paler than before, she breathed softly, her Head sunk involuntarily, till her

Chin rested on her Bosom and formed a delicate double Chin.

*Albert* scarcely ventured to look at her; he could not help sighing. The Children had clung around her, and stood in like manner embarrassed; they remained motionless, and also gently sighed, one after the other, as if they had therewith secretly infected each other.

There is a Drop on thine Arm, said the little Girl; pray look, *Clara*, how comes that to be there?

*Clare* arose. Do not disturb the current of the Master's Thoughts, said she softly, smiling,—nor mine either, dear Children! The Drop fell from thine Eyelids; thou hast certainly been weeping just now.

I? asked the Girl.

No, thou! said she to the Boy.

I? asked the Boy.

Well then, she said, it must have fallen from my own Eyes; I have been embroidering so busily at my Veil for some days.

*Clara* now showed him the Veil, at the same time holding in her breath. I am going to put it on thus *early*, and yet for all that too *late*! said she, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, and from a Soul which seemed to have lost itself, or to be dwelling in Thought in far distant Regions and in twice-blessed Times.

Ah! thou art going to be a Nun, sighed the Boy.

No, she is going to be an Angel, said the Girl, correcting him. Oh dear *Clara*, I will be an Angel too.

Then I will be a Monk, concluded the loving Boy.

*Clara's* glance scarcely wandered so far as to meet my Eyes; and when *Albert* understood aright her Words, her Looks, her hasty undertaking, there lay in this fleeting Moment the Satisfaction and the Consolation of her whole self-sacrificing Life.

On a plate of Chinese Porcelain was some Gingerbread;—I know not whether she had

heard from her Brother that *Albert* had been fond of it from his childhood ;—*Clara* offered some to the Children—and, as if in jest, she held out the Plate to him, looking meanwhile on the Ground, and whispered only: Perhaps you would like also to taste some of it? an Artist, you know, continues willingly to be a Child, even though he were——

She paused. At the same moment his Wife sent for him in haste: *Albert* must of necessity return Home—the matter could suffer no delay.

*Clara* smiled, thinking *Agnes* might have a Presentiment—that she might feel the gentle Echo of the Words in her own Bosom.

Go to her, then, Master *Albert*, said she, taking leave of him; and if you will not think amiss of me for it, take the Drawing also with you! My Picture was meant for my Brother *Wilibald*; but if *he* wishes to keep me in remembrance, he has no need of my Shadow. And *if* he misses me, he will see myself standing before his Eyes, wherever I may be.

And besides, why should I be hung up in this room, and deceive Strangers who never knew me? I must say Farewell to *you also!* farewell!——Now make haste, else a second Messenger will come—then she will come herself. Ah! She!\*

*Albert* went away from her like one in a Dream; but his pure Heart did not even listen to her guileless heart-rending Words.

At Home, however, there was no one who wanted him. *Agnes* raised her Head from her work, and smiled, looked at him with confused glances, and only said in her own excuse, I was so anxious! now there is a Stone taken from my Heart.

When *Pirkheimer's* Sister went to the Convent of Santa Clara, she left behind her Presents to all the Friends of her Youth, and

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\* My poor, poor Sister! this alone then was the cause of thy retirement from Life. Indeed I guessed as much. Why did *Hans Frei* bargain so hastily with old *Albert!*  
—W. P.

to *Albert's Agnes* a valuable lace Collar of her own Handiwork.

*Agnes* locked it up, without even trying it on. Perhaps she did so secretly.

The importance of the Honeymoon, which had been so much vaunted to him by his Father, had not held good; because he felt that he himself in this Fascination had scarcely seen his Wife as she actually was; in like manner, she also had not seen him as he was, much less had she understood him; but least of all would she be able soon to get accustomed to the peculiarities which he, as every Man does, brought with him into the married State: of that he was sensible. Everything must therefore once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the World, once more with subdued Feelings spoken of, considered, and settled, as the opportunity might offer. It was best, however, that everything should come right of itself, and as it might chance; in all things indifferent the Husband must be willing to yield, however *new* it

might be to him, however *different* from what he himself thought; he had also to learn that he must sacrifice the Half of his Existence, must give it up to the Wife, in order thereby to gain the Half of another beloved Existence, and must scarcely venture to warn, must only *tell*, even when anything Evil was to be shunned, or anything Good to be done. A Husband must not be a Teacher or a domestic Chaplain. One Word may be sufficiently intelligible, and when there is good intention on the Wife's part, she has long Years in which to discipline herself in silence thereon—often also to suffer. *Albert* was therefore meekly silent, and studied the holy condition of Marriage with a devout mind, because the Lord had placed him in Paradise.

Under favour of his Silence, everything in the House was soon directed and regulated according to *Agnes's* will; and what in itself appeared indifferent, through the *number* and the *association* of things, was soon no longer so. Yet he let everything alone which was not

really bad. For he knew well that he exercised a mental Ascendancy which constrained his Wife in her Will, and against which she thought she could maintain an artificial Equilibrium by Opposition alone. She knew not the power of Submission, not even that of Submission to the best of Husbands. And when she saw daily the two-headed Eagle over the park-gate, on the Arms of the Imperial City, then she thought that in Marriage there should also be two Heads, without considering that no living creature can so exist, and that even when painted or hewn in stone it is a Monster, or represents one. It should be said, however, in excuse for her, that she was the Child of an old Father, and had not learned obedience, even when he asked her to be happy, not to mention anything else. She had only laughed when her Father once asked her quite gravely to laugh, so that he might see his Daughter lively for once—were it only in appearance.

Thus demure was her Mind, and only

directed towards a few objects in Life, but to them so much the more firmly and constantly. And these things were not censurable, but, on the contrary, desirable and necessary for every one. Her sense of Honour was great, strong, and pure; but she wished to carry it about with her through Life, not only firmly maintained but undisputed.

But——

*Albert's* Father had, it is true, bought him a House, but he had not paid for it. And therefore the Walls oppressed and confined poor *Agnes*, so that it was impossible to move her to look out at the Window with him——out of a borrowed House.

As often also as she went to Church like a good Catholic, she avoided the Streets in which any one dwelt who was in *Albert's* Debt, that she might not appear needy or dunning.

*Albert*, with his usual candour, had also imparted to her Letters he had received from Venice dunning him. They were for Debts

contracted in Travelling and for Instruction; —and he who would allow his Neighbour, with whose circumstances he is intimately acquainted, to starve, will lend to the Stranger; for when any one travels into far Countries, he provides beforehand the means thereto, and is thought to be only in momentary embarrassment, which may even befall the richest. *Albert*, however, endured much Distress in Foreign Lands, and willingly suffered Want from his unconquerable Love for the Arts, which carried him cheerfully through a condition that might perhaps have killed another, without such an opposing power. When such a Letter came, *Agnes* was silent for Days. He, however, had the fruits of his Journey in his Heart and in his Mind —no one could rob him of these; and that he was in Debt for them, and yet possessed them, appeared to him quite wonderful; and he was satisfied when he felt his Power, and saw the means how, and how soon, and with what thanks, he would be able to pay! But

if he reckoned up all his prospects to *Agnes*, she only cast down her Eyes, or looked at him with doubting Looks, which made his whole Heart tumultuous within him. He was as certain of the thing as he was of his Life, and yet his own Wife discouraged him by her Doubts! His Mind revolted; all his future Works rose up within his Bosom like fiery Spirits; he felt himself raised by them above the Evils of this Life; he glowed, his Lips quivered, Tears flowed down his Cheeks—and *Agnes* stole away from him speechless but not convinced—and, as he also plainly saw, not to be convinced; she was quite horror-struck, for she had never before so seen her gentle Husband, so full of noble Power! so full of inward holy Wrath!

And yet he was soon again pacified, softened, yea dejected; for he was not always well able at that time to procure for his *Agnes* the immediate Necessaries of Life, in the manner she, as Mistress of a House, wished! As for her, she saw the fulfilment of her

most reasonable Hopes only so much the longer delayed—and he, by the same means, her Satisfaction with herself and with him; and thus his own Peace hovered over him like a scared-away Lark, no longer visible among the Clouds—till single Notes of her Song again penetrated down to him, as if the Sun were singing and speaking to him.

Labour was Life and Delight to the Master; for any one can make mention of his own Industry as he would of a Duty, and of the want of it as a Sin of Omission. But the Artist is no Machine, no Millwheel that turns round and round Day and Night; his Work is Mental, and his Works are Mind, produced by Mind. Thoughts and Images slumber within him like Bees in a Hive; they fly out and feed and grow upon the Sweets of the eternal Spring without: themselves satisfied and strengthened, they bring home Nourishment with them, and feed the young Bees who as yet only flap their Wings, and buzz around; they cover the Brood, till they im-

pregnate their Queen—Fancy ;—and every new Work is a Swarm, which joyfully separating from the Mother-stock, departs to the place it has traced out for a Settlement. The Swarm changes its Voice by that of the Queen who keeps them together ; and when its Bees and the Bees of the Mother-stock meet on the Flowers, they no longer recognise each other. Or as in Spring, when it becomes hot, and the Heavens are inflamed, and the Thunder Storm in the Spring Night, with its red Flashes and great Rain-drops, causes a thousand Buds to spring, brings forth Blossoms, opens up Crocuses, Violets, and Hyacinths—and they, when the Heavenly Blessing hangs over them, stand there in the Morning, as if by their own power they had grown out of the Earth, because they are so beautiful, and every one gives them credit for possessing the wonderful Power of Self-production—in like manner, an inward mental Sun opens up as suddenly the Flowers in the Head of the Artist ! But they must all wait patiently till

their time comes, and he must wait patiently and wear them for a long time as Germ and Bud: and the Restlessness, the laying on of the Hand, the rubbing of the Brow, and the painful Self-torture, are of no avail! all in vain! If he tries this, nevertheless, then he is only a Child who tears up a still closed Snowdrop along with its Stalk, and forces it open with his Mouth; or peels a Butterfly out of the Chrysalis, and only beholds the Wonder of incipient Life—and then destroys!

Master *Albert* now often dreamed and delayed whole Days; sat down, rose up, spoke to himself, drew with his Stick on the Sand, or began to make an Eye or a Nose with black Chalk; and then *Agnes* called him a Child, or thought that, dissatisfied with her, he held Converse with his own Soul. Or he walked up and down in the Garden, stood for a quarter of an hour at a time before the trunk of a Tree, and studied its wonderfully-bursting Bark; looked up to the Heavens,

and imprinted on his memory the forms of the Clouds; or he sat before the door, and called thither handsome Children, placed one quite in the Shade of the Roof, another only half, and made a third stand in the full Sunshine, that he might adjust for himself the colours of the dresses in Light and Shade; or he accosted old Men and Women, who came to him just as if they had been sent by God. Then *Agnes* called to him, and said peevishly: My God! why not rather work! thou knowest well, we need it.

I do work, said *Albert*. My Picture is ready.

God grant it! sighed she, as if he were lazy, or incapable.

Just consider, my *Agnes*, said he then smiling: does the Carver carve the Forms; does the Pencil paint? these are my Spirits and Slaves, who do my Will when I call them.

But still thou canst sit down.

I certainly can do so.

If thy Pencil would only move of itself! were there such a Pencil—then we should have our wants supplied.

I would burn, I would banish such a Pencil, as if it were an Evil Spirit! I—I must do all myself, otherwise I should no longer be myself. That were just the same as if a strange Woman were to love and foster me instead of thee.

Internal Images now appeared to his Mind, as if induced by constant Devotion, and disclosed to his sight how the Crocus appearing out of the Earth, tears its little delicate white Child's Shirt; and then the Master glowed like a vessel full of molten Gold, liquified and pure for the casting; so that he trembled, knew nothing more of the World, and what was revealed to him he transferred to the Tablet with inspired haste:—then came *Agnes* and called to him two or three times, always louder and louder, about some Trifle. He then sprang up, neither knowing where he had been nor where he now was; the

portals of the Spiritual Kingdom closed suddenly, and the only half conjured-up Images sank back into Night, and into Spiritual Death, and perhaps never returned to him, —ah! never thus again. Then he recognised *Agnes*, who, angry at his demeanour, stood before him and scolded him deaf and blind. Then his Blood was like to a Spring Flood; he seized the Charm-dispelling Disturber violently by the arm—and held her thus till he awoke. Then he said, ashamed, Is it thou, my Wife? I was not here just now! not with thee! Forgive me! To vex even a Child is more inhuman than to see and paint all the Angels, and to hear them and one's self praised, is desirable. Thou also livest in a beautiful World—and that the Sun and Moon shine upon it, that makes it none the worse! Where thou art, where I am, with Soul and Feeling, yea with Fancy and her Works, that is to me the true, the holy World! And now he smiled and asked her mildly: What dost thou want

with me then, my Child? But his Eyes flashed.

She, however, believed that she had looked upon a Demon! a Conjuror of Spirits! She examined the red mark on her arm, where he had seized her; Tears gushed from her Eyes; she bowed down and lamented: Ah! I know it, I have it always in my mind—thou wilt certainly one day murder me! Every time I go to bed, I pray that I may not perish in my Sins, when thou again art as thou art now! when I am nothing to thee!

She spoke in so soft, so desponding a tone, and yet so resigned to her Fate with him, that he was moved to Tears by her confused words and frightened appearance.

Oh thou, my Heavenly Father! sighed he then, and stood with clasped hands; till at length he clasped his terrified Wife, who could not comprehend him, who felt so patient and so completely in his power, that she would not even scream or call for help,

if he should——Oh! thou heavenly Father!  
——till at length he clasped her in his arms,  
and felt her glowing on his Cheek.

Then he secretly determined with himself  
to yield to her willingly in everything; to  
allow her to rule according to the best of  
her Knowledge and Understanding, and lov-  
ingly to endure all from her, and to do  
everything to please her, till at length, in-  
stead of him, a very different, a cruel Man  
should appear, to execute that which she  
from him——

Oh! thou Heavenly Father!

As soon as he had spoken, Fear was at an  
end; for what is *said*, no longer disquiets a  
Woman, nor does it even a Poet.

*Agnes* now thought that the exhausting  
efforts of the mind would confuse his senses  
——that she would have her Suffering with  
him——and must starve in old age——perhaps  
in youth! or his abstracted manner of Life  
might draw him away, as it had done from  
Men, so also from her, from his Wife!——and

thought how little she was to him, and of how small value.

*Nunnenbeck* the Minstrel and *Celtes* came to visit *Albert*. *Agnes* had certainly imparted her fears to them. There was also a Scholar of *Albert's*, a relative of *Nunnenbeck*, who was a loose fellow. Therefore *Celtes* said, in presence of them all: To discriminate Ideas is to discriminate Life. I grant that he who is born an Artist must be a different, more peculiar, more richly endowed person than others. He is the Organ, the Medium through which the creative Mind of Nature is still glowing, who is destined to continue the work she has only just begun, by Images drawn from her secret movements, and who moulds the outward universal Creation into a Human Form. Therefore, his Bosom is a moving Depth, full of Germs and Images, the materials for a more beautiful mental Spring. Himself the Spirit of Nature, he takes a thoughtful interest in all her so beautifully-formed Works: the Death of the

Worm moves him as deeply as the Death of the greatest Man ; for it is *Death* that moves him. All Nature's manifestations are reflected in the warm and clear Mirror of his Soul. Love, also, which enraptures every creature, breathes and glows on him sacredly ; and under the influence of this glowing Fulness, yea in the midst of it, he can scarcely contain his Felicity in thoughts which stream over all things. Ah ! and he struggles to tell of the Godly, and to lament the Sorrowful—to penetrate all which has been from Eternity, which near and around him rules, and over his Grave will still eternally rule. And this *Power* of Contemplation, this *Impulse* proceeding from the Power, makes him an Artist.

But, interrupted *Nunnenbeck*, does he then tear himself loose from his Mother Nature when he enters on the career of an Artist ? can he no longer make use of her Laws ? Is he no longer moved by the Actual around him ?—has he no Joy, no Sorrow, no more

any individual Life in Nature—does he cease to be a Man, if he would become one of the most glorious of his Generation? Does nothing living any more allure, disappoint, excite and enrapture him? and is his Life only the Dream of his Soul, and its Capacities what he must dream of?

Alas for him! said *Celtes*, if he could and must do this! then were he more miserable than one of the most neglected Creatures of his loving Mother! But he has also Fancy in which to live!

He dwells in no remote, subterranean, or celestial kingdom, proceeded *Nunnenbeck*; he dwells in the Kernel of Nature. He is not solitary, but like an Enchanter *alone*, awfully alone with the conjured-up Spirits, and thus in the most dignified and fullest Society of all the Living and the Dead. He continues to be a Man, subject to all the laws of waking and sleeping, of hunger and thirst, and to all the conditions of Existence, as strictly as a day-labourer. He

has not nor can he subject himself to these Spirits, for his own Spirit is greater than all. He does not build his marvellous Palace *on the Wrecks* of this spell-like Nature, but he adopts all her Laws, even the smallest and most delicate, in his Ideas and Images ;— if he would make himself intelligible and valuable to Men, then he must invent and create according to the most universal Laws, which the smallest may understand and recognise—and his Power is not derived from Nature, to be used *against* Nature, but *with* her ; and it is his Life and his Glory to follow her as far and as faithfully as it is possible for him to follow her. For the Human Race must not receive through his means a contorted, false, illusive Nature ; but every one if possible must see his own Heart's Kernel, that he may understand the Miracles which were not so clear to his own contemplation. In this way alone, he raises also to the all-powerful Mother, the insipid, unthinking, and passive, whose Senses are all

bound down by the Exigencies of Life. Through him they see that Nature is not so common as they are common : through him, in fine, they behold the whole Beauty of the World, the whole Depth which is in the Mind of Man, and which the Initiated bring to light. But when the Artist descends to search out the Treasures of the Deep, still he is like the Miner, who has his House and his Wife above in the Sunshine !

*Agnes* looked at the excellent old Man, and blushed. Therefore he was silent, and *Celtes*, the subtle Judge of Mankind, turned the conversation still further to *Albert's* advantage.

Yes, as *he* loves the World, said he, so the World loves him in return ; they cannot do without each other. And even the severest Capuchin is in the right, when he censures the Artist who does not in the strictest manner fulfil the Moral Laws of Nature ;—for that was what I meant by my first words. The gift of Fancy, and the gift of Reverence

for the Godlike, are two very different qualities in Man; and it is only by their union that a truly perfect Man is known. What makes him an Artist is, that, to outward appearance quite a simple Man, he yet can mount into the region of Fancy *as often as he will*. But it is only as a pure Being, as an Angel, that he can enter therein. Those who are but seldom inspired—the tumultuous, only once or twice excited—are ungentle Spirits: they sink as deep as they soared high. Nature gives to the genuine Artist, with his Birth, the true Elevation, the Greatness of Mind necessary for lifelong unvarying Endurance day and night; and from her comes every daily breath, every word—so that he feels, suffers, and rejoices in everything, under every lot, and in all circumstances. And thus he sits, apparently like one mute or blind, yea as a Child among Children, and dwells meanwhile—although with them, yet wherever he will, in Heaven or in Hell. It is only the constant, unremitting Power

which gives the stamp to the genuine Calling; and from that Power he has Occupation, Name, Work, and Happiness. And if he wilfully close the Realm of Fancy, then he becomes subject to the smallest Law of the exterior World, and more so indeed of his Love and of his Conscience, which are the tenderest and purest Laws in the World.

Dost thou hear? said *Nunnenbeck* to his young relative, and seized him by the hand. Wherever thou beholdest a dissolute Artist, my Son, even if it were only his Shadow, then think: he is no Artist, has never been one fundamentally, or will soon be one no longer; for the Conflict between two Passions drags even the strongest person to Death. Human Nature can endure a Fault, and more so if it contains an elevating ever-vivifying Power. No one dies by the effusions of such a Power: it is the renovating Joy of his Life. But he who is a Giant in Fancy, may be a Negro Child in Morals; and the Child drags the Giant into the abyss. For these are

certainly opposite—but may be found united in the same person. And every one, be he who he may, is and must remain a Man, a Moral Being, and may least of all give himself up to the Devil, that he may reveal God by his Art.

In addition to all these doubts, *Agnes* had also others which were tender and womanly. *Albert* was willing to give her every proof of his Love, till she was convinced. But he did not succeed, owing to a hundred new occurrences.

The faithful modest *Susanna* ate with them at Table. First of all, that was an Offence. But *Albert* also spoke with her when he was alone. There was nothing more painful to him, than, in a House where only two or three live together, to force one's self to be silent out of mere Haughtiness, and to treat the Servants, whether male or female, as Mutes, who are yet Human Beings like ourselves; for nothing makes us more contemptible in the eyes of others, than when they dare not talk

to us because we seem to despise them, and do really despise them. Now *Agnes* suspected, when he broke off a Conversation with *Susanna* whenever she entered, that it had been about her: therefore she must be dismissed from the House. He would not agree to it. Then came still more evil times; and at last he was obliged to let her go, because a Wretch seduced the poor young Creature. And secretly to protect her from want—that was dangerous: therefore he must see the poor Girl with her Child go about begging—and he actually saw it—but with secret Tears and Sighs.

At another time there came a Worker in Tapestry from *Arras* and dwelt with him—and also ate and drank. To be sure, that cost Money—it cannot be denied. But the Man, who was going to Rome, to collect large sums of Money, and to take new orders, had also a Son with him, a Painter, whom *Albert* had known before in the Netherlands. This young Man was not likely to awaken

confidence in the Minds of upright Women, for he was very flighty and loose in his conduct. Now *Agnes* judged of all her Husband's foreign acquaintances from this Man. *Albert* had had no other intercourse with him but concerning his Art: as a Man, he had allowed him to go his own way. And a Man can only pass through the world pure, when he sucks in nourishment for his *own life*, like the Flowers from the universal Ether. Thus he may occupy himself with Plants and Animals in as far as they are beneficial to him, without becoming a Rose-bush or a Bear. The young Man's Sister was also with them, a blooming young creature, to whom *Albert* had been kind in her girlish years, and who now, when grown, hung on him the more confidingly. To dispel the doubts of *Agnes* in this matter also, he asked the Maiden one day at table, whether she recollected in what year he had visited her Father. And the mention of the year drew forth from her so much about the happy days of her Youth,

which a Child alone could remember, that *Agnes* was convinced in her own mind. But she was angry at her experiment in Arithmetic, and at his Smile.

In consequence of this Conversation, *Agnes* now asked *Albert* to tell her all about his Travels. He dared not hesitate. And so he was obliged to conceal many things from her, and also where he had received much Love and Kindness, which made his grateful Heart very sorrowful. He also felt his Deficiencies in many things, and saw now, for the first time, as he believed, what a much wiser and more profitable Use he might have made of his Travels, of the advantages of the Places, and of the dexterity of the Masters! But it appeared so to him, only because he was now wiser and further advanced in his Art. For Man sees and understands only according to the Measure of his own Power and Art. Of this, however, he was certain, that he was now capable of observing and learning more than formerly; and he oftentimes expressed

the wish once again to behold these glorious Lands ; and the longing thereafter, proceeding from the Depths of his Soul, was almost painfully reflected in his countenance.

*Agnes* fancied that he might possess or miss some God, which he had left or lost there. She had everything in Him, and he had *Her*.

At another time, he advised a young uncultivated Artist against taking a Wife, because he did not think him sufficiently strengthened and confirmed in his Vocation ; and he was driven about by a Disquietude, which had not yet allowed him steadily to seek the golden Portals to the Treasures of the Soul, of Life, and of his Art ; and he still looked abroad for what lay in himself alone, but undiscovered and unsatisfied.

From this Warning *Agnes* concluded that *Albert* was dissatisfied with his own Marriage, and she remained whole days in the house of her Parents. He went for her in the evenings—to avoid the risk of her not re-

turning at all! When Husband and Wife weigh every word before it is uttered, then there is scarcely any more free Intercourse, and the Restraint must be doubled.

The usages of Society are certainly convenient; they even give Unity, Simplicity, and a certain steady bearing to a multifariously-assailed Life, and also a seeming Greatness to the Mind. Yet, under certain circumstances, they are also constraining and unwelcome. A proof of this may here be adduced. *Agnes* would not rise from table, nor allow herself to be disturbed in eating. "When any one, more especially the Mistress, has not Rest at such times, then is her whole Life nothing but vain Toil, and without proper Refreshment. It is then one comes at least once a-day to recollection, and every thing at table appears to us pleasant and agreeable to the Eye, as the Food or the Wine to the Palate."

Not untrue, and well argued.

When she was in a good humour, when

the Roast was at the Fire, and the Table was ready covered with nice Linen, then she was so pleased with every thing in the House—that she was off like meadow water, and stood gossiping with some female neighbour. These were her favourite moments. The Master, knowing this, waited patiently for her, and lived meanwhile in Flemish Kitchen Scenes. On the contrary, if he remained out a quarter of an hour beyond Dinner-time, she had dined quickly; the table was cleared, and he might look to it, and take what he could get. He considered such a day as a voluntary Fast-day, and was satiated with Contentment. But if he reminded her of the words from the Ceremonial Address, “Be ye Hospitable,” then she said jeeringly, So! thou art an Angel! Where are then thy Wings? and what is thy Heavenly Name?

And he answered, whilst she felt his Shoulders, I am only called *Albert*, and am thy dear Husband!

*My dear?* how dost thou know that, then,

my Angel! said she. Then he went mildly away from her—but she sprang hastily after him, and he remained mute in her mute embrace.

All these things put together were powerful from their union, and, like a Bundle of Reeds, could scarcely be bent, far less broken. And thus ended the Year of Strife, without any real Treaty of Peace, which in general is never solemnly concluded nor formally celebrated. So it was to be throughout all the succeeding Years! As *old secret Reservations* are the cause of new Declarations of War—so is it between two Monarchs in Marriage.





### A Little *Agnes*.

**B**eauty does not supersede all other claims on a Woman; on the contrary, it should draw them forth, as the Sun does the Flowers, in order that they may be all so much the more sweetly and charmingly fulfilled. For it is wonderful how much Beauty excites the Imagination; how much it covers, and outshines, and consecrates, so that a beautiful Countenance alone makes a mortal Woman already an Angel, and even a Hair from her Eyelid appears and is no longer a Hair—it is a Miracle, like the beautiful Woman herself. And *Agnes* was beautiful—so beautiful! But *Albert* looked

upon her almost with sadness, almost with pity, because *she*—ah! because she was so beautiful. Beauty is only *one* gift of Nature! only a *gift* to Woman! The Woman herself is the Being who receives it. But as is the Woman, *so* does she receive, and so does she use the Godly Gift. Yea as *she* is, so becomes, and so appears also at last, her Beauty.

Yet——

*A little Agnes*, who now appeared, gave to *Albert's* Wife the Radiance, yea the Glory of the Mother. Thus the Deity continued to bless her! *Agnes* was the sacred Instrument in His Hands, and the most mysterious, the most divine Powers of old Nature were thus granted to her as it were in Fief. *Albert* being now filled with Reverence, Rapture, Satisfaction, and Thankfulness, all was well, better than ever, and his Love was now nobly founded, and hers *justified*, if not more.

For *Agnes* also felt in her Heart as if

newly-born, and secretly bound by her Husband's unwearied care. He watched over Mother and Child. No breath of air should blow upon them; and when both the dear Ones slumbered, then he hastened away to draw and to paint; and, to his own amazement, he quickly and beautifully completed a Picture of the Nativity, and one of the Adoration, with the three Holy Kings.\* The Picture seemed as if speaking. And then he blessed the Path he had chosen! His own Life opened up to him an unknown portion both of the World, and of his Art, and he

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\* The wise men of the East who came to Bethlehem were vulgarly called *Kings*, but were very probably of a subordinate rank. Tertullian calls them Princes, and others concur in supposing them to have been Governors or petty Princes, such having been anciently denominated Kings. Bede, Benedict XIV., and others, declared their number to have been three. An ancient commentary on St. Matthew, preserved among the writings of St. Chrysostom, says that they were baptized in Persia by the Apostle St. Thomas, and thereafter became preachers of the Gospel.—*Translator.*

felt that he was now the Man to produce quite different and truer Works. Nature in her Divinity had never yet presented herself before him so closely and so sacredly! And he felt fresher than in the blooming Month of May after a mild fertilizing Tempest. The Ideas which have once been cleared up to the Artist remain eternally clear in his Mind. He directs himself to these bright points of his inner Life when he wishes to model—then he can dream and create! From this source all is Real! He has felt what he wishes to represent;—he may change and transpose; then unfold, and convey his Ideas to other Men; and his Work will always spring from the Heart and go to the Heart again. Therefore he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest Events of Nature and of human Life in general,—he must have felt the highest Joy and the deepest Sorrow—and whoever has trod the noble path of Human Life with an observing mind—and

that is peculiar to the Artist—to him are none of these awanting. But it is enough for him, that his Fancy embraces Nature in its simplicity! He need not have been the Murderer of innumerable Children, in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents—if he only has and loves one *living* Child, and thinks—it may die! He need not have drained the Cup of Vice to the dregs, that he may paint *Lucretia*—if he only has a Wife, or has ever possessed one, whom he loves, and thinks—the proud King's son may appear before her with the Poniard or with Dishonour. He need not have gone to beg his Bread that he may draw the Prodigal—if he has only been a good Son, who loves his Father;—the Tatters are found then. Thus the Artist hits everything, whatever it may be, faithfully and truly, if he has always been a genuine Man, attentive to the plainest, simplest conditions of Nature. Only in this sense, then, these words are no Blasphemy: The Artist must have experienced what he

wishes to create. Thus indeed he has experienced everything; and though simple and natural himself, he can yet easily represent the Unnatural. The Artist's first Power, then, is his own pure Heart; the second, his Fancy; the third, the faculty of conceiving everything that comes from his Heart, as from a true inexhaustible Source, to be afterwards woven by Fancy.

*Albert* brought the Pictures to *Agnes*. The sight of them rejoiced her; but she looked at the Child and said: These are still nothing but Pictures after all! Who has bespoken them? and what wilt thou receive for them?

They are already paid—through you and my own joy! said he, somewhat mortified. It is true, they were only Pictures—and because he himself now possessed more than Pictures, he saw also, that the Mother possessed more, and that she had spoken quite naturally and justly. So he willingly learned this also,—that a living Work of God is of

more value than all the Works of Men, and that these only exist and can exist—because those are. For it is folly to think that Man has produced anything of himself! The Great Master in Heaven gives the Conception for the fair work, the Power of accomplishing it, Joy to Men in beholding it, as well as the *living* work from his own Hand—the highest and godliest of all.

Therefore *Albert* prized the little creature as a rich Blessing from his Heavenly Father. Be ye hospitable, said he to himself, for thereby some have entertained Angels. And by these words he was transported back in thought to the day when he stood in the Church, and the Maiden *Agnes* stood beside him, and now in fancy he put the little *Agnes* into her arms, and the Bride stood—as a Mother! All that had afterwards taken place seemed to him then as a thing of the Past; and the Softness with which his heart overflowed was reflected backwards, and warmed the long days, in which in strange lands he

had languished in vain for such Happiness—also those in which he had been so cool to the Mother of his little Daughter. From this time forth he determined always to look upon her as the Mother, even if the Child——

He did not finish the Thought, but silently supplicated Heaven to spare its Life.

The Mother, however, was dissatisfied with what she called his excessive Solicitude, and repulsed him. And thus there remained to him only the choice, either of offending her, or of bringing perhaps Distress upon himself by her want of Consideration and youthful Rashness. And he chose the *perhaps!*—and prayed that it *might not*, nay, that it might *surely not* come to pass. For he could not and did not wish to think of any one of the three without the others.

A Nurse was needed, and the faithful services of the poor *Susanna* were remembered, who, in spite of her Expulsion, yet carried no Tales out of the House, and she was accordingly brought back again.

*Susanna*, however, had a Mark upon her arm, a little Blood-red Cross, which some time before had fallen as if from Heaven all of a sudden on many people, and which *Albert*, on account of its singularity, had even copied. *Susanna* had formerly often stretched out her bare arm at table after dinner, and *Agnes* had seen, admired, and touched the Mark, and traced it on her Cheek with her finger; and now it turned out that the little *Agnes* had a small Purple Cross on her right Cheek.

On this account *Agnes* did not care so much for her Daughter, and would willingly have sent back the dear Child to its Heavenly Father—and begged Him for another, but if possible to select one for herself out of the innumerable Host in the Storehouse of Mortals.

The Child was as like her Father as if he had become little again, and a Girl; and he remarked to *Agnes* in thoughtless sport, how much trouble she had with him, how much

she loved and kissed and caressed *him*, and took pleasure in toying with him.

Therefore the Child got no more Kisses from her in his presence, and at last *Susanna* had it always in her lap.

The little Girl however was sickly, and gave small promise of Life or of being reared, and therefore the Love of the Mother shrunk back, perhaps from insupportable Sadness; for she had once with difficulty suppressed her Tears, when she looked at her pale little One; and as if she were already lost, she tried to compose and comfort herself that she might first appear indifferent, and then in the end become really so. And the ever sickly, ever sad-tempered Child, who was but seldom satisfied with anything, deserved in this way the dissatisfaction of the Mother. *Albert* thus accounted for the change in her Feelings.

The Child was two years old. She was to have had a little golden Hood and a pretty white Frock for her Birth-day — but the day

came, and Agnes had not got them finished. He took her, unadorned as she was, to his Bosom. Thus the little Girl went quite over to the Father. She stood near him when he painted or carved; he played with her, and neglected *Art* as often as willingly, that he might learn something from *Life* instead. She held him fast in her little arms till she fell asleep; and even then he remained yet a while by her, that he might enjoy the few, the blessed hours, in which the Father still possessed a Child! How thoughtful, and yet how thoughtless, he looked on, when she washed out his pencil in pure water, or brought colours to him! How tenderly he listened, and yet liked not to listen, when the Child said for her Evening Prayer the little Verse:

Ah! dear God, I pray thee,  
A pious Child make me!  
Rather than I should stray,  
Take me from Earth away;  
Take me to thy Heaven of Light,  
Make me like the Angels bright!

Or when she began the Lord's Prayer:  
Our Father which art in Heaven!

The Child now attached herself to him alone. And whom has a Child, but Father and Mother? They are all to it; they can destroy or preserve it. Without them it is deprived of counsel, helpless; and even the morsel of Bread or the Apple, which God has given to the Parents, it receives from *their* hands. How high and powerful does a Father appear to a Child! Only because it knows and loves him, it learns to love and know the Heavenly Father. The Child becomes all that he wishes—and what must he be, whom that does not move? who would not bend, even to the Lips of the little sighing Image?

Under the influence of such feelings, *Albert* certainly spoiled the little *Agnes*, who stood so much in need of his care. But he had the Heart, and the confiding tender Nature of an Artist; and he resolved that these should overflow towards his little

Daughter, for the short time she had to live. As he highly respected every Human Being, and from true Reverence took off his Bonnet to all, and held it in his hand, so was a Child also to him an Angel, and his Child—his good Angel, whom he had to entertain, and felt so blest to be permitted to do so. And so he must paint for her God the Father, the Angels, and the beautiful meek Apostle John. He gave her Milk, or Honey, to nourish the Flowers, or a drop of Wine to prolong the Lives of those that were fading away; or he gave her the finest Flowers even, that she might press them into the hand of the Infant Christ—and when they fell, she wept that it would not take them. Her Mother called all that Folly, or a wasting of the gifts of God. Then when Winter had arrived and the Birds came thronging to the windows, hungry and covered with Snow, he persuaded the Child, who was now nearly three years old, that they came to greet her from old Father Winter with an Icicle in-

stead of a Beard, and remained now to see her; and that they were glad when she was neat and prettily dressed. Then the Father could work! for she sat at the window for hours, nicely dressed in her Mother's golden Hood, in order that the Sparrows might rejoice over her. Or when he described to her the distress of the poor Birds, and how cold they were, then she sewed a little warm Coat for the Snow-king, which indeed was never finished, for the silk thread had no knot, and always came through. When she found in the street one day a frozen Yellowhammer with a bright golden crest, she wept, thinking that the Snow-king had been frozen—and that she was the cause of his Death, because she had not made his Winter Clothing. But her Father showed her another that was flying joyfully—and then she laughed loud with delight, and was not angry that he had so terrified her! Whatever he gave, he said of it: God sent it to her; God blows away the clouds; God paints early in the

morning the Flowers on the panes of glass. And do we grown Children understand better or more devoutly? In short, an Artist, who does not marry, and has not Children, or has not had them, has never been in the World, never yet in the beauteous tender World which he must experience—even if it should cost him Thousands of Tears.

For all that—and it was when compared with such infinite Happiness only a sweet Punishment—the Mother always called the little girl to him *Thy* Child! When in his absence she had wished to help him on with his Paintings, and spoiled here and there a drapery in the Picture by an ill-conducted pencil, the Mother said when he came back: *Thy* Child did it;—if Drawings were quite disfigured with black chalk, so that they could not be recognised, or Papers cut to pieces, which the Mother herself considered to be—only Paper, then it was: *Thy* Child did it! For her Mother never restrained her, and the Father could do nothing else

than mildly reprove what the Daughter had meant so well. Then *Agnes* smiled and left them.

But the Feelings of Children are inconceivably delicate and just. Little *Agnes* soon saw how unhappy her Father was in his Home, how little he was valued. *Albert* had perceived and learnt, first of all, from her own Mouth, how much it grieved the loving little One to see him so ill used. He saw it also in her soft blue Eyes. But he saw it meekly and silently.

When *Albert* visited a Friend one day, against the inclinations of *Agnes*, who feared that he might perhaps complain of her, and thereby make public what appeared to her quite allowable in private—and came home late, that she might not be awake, and yet found her keeping watch with the Child, who had waited for her Father that she might go to bed with him—then the Mother scolded him and called him a Waster of Time and Money—a Man addicted to

worldly Pleasures, while she toiled away for ever in secret at Home, and had never had a single happy Hour with him.

Thereupon he sat down, and closed his Eyes; but Tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his Eyelids. Then the Child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her Mother in childish Anger: Thou wilt one day bring down my Father to the Grave! then thou wilt repent it. Everybody says so.

The Mother wished to tear her from his arms. But he hindered her, wishing to punish *his* Child himself. These were the first blows he had ever given her. The Child stood trembling and motionless.—Do not beat her on my account! certainly not on my account! exclaimed *Agnes*, thus indirectly irritating him still more. The Father however struck. But in the midst of the Sadness and at the same time of the Anger which his Sufferings caused him, he observed at length for the first time that his little Daughter had

turned round between his knees, and that he had struck her with a rough hand on the stomach! He was horror-struck; he staggered away, threw himself upon his Bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the Child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: My Father, do not be angry! I shall so soon be well again. My Mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed. I have only waited for thee. Now the little Sand-man comes to close my Eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent, as thou dost! Hearst thou? art thou asleep? dear Father!—

This danger then appeared to be overpast.

Almost luckily, might the guilty Father's Heart say, the little *Agnes* had some time afterwards a dangerous Fall;—luckily!—in order that he might not further imagine that he was the cause of the Child's Death. She continued sick from that day, became worse, and no Physician could devise aught; even

*Wilibald*, who had studied seven years at Padua and Bologna, only pressed the hand of the Father. That was intelligible enough.

All the feelings of the Mother were again roused. The little *Agnes's* Birthday happened on the Holy Christmas Eve. Firmly resolved to have the little golden Hood and the white Frock, *Albert*, unknown to the Mother, had got them made in the City, and paid for. The Birthday Present shone in the twilight in the midst of the Christmas-tree, which had not yet been lighted up. The Mother saw it. She stood confounded as well as deeply mortified; and a Remorse seized her, which broke out almost into a Rage against *Albert*. He wished to leave the room; but at the door his Knees failed him. *Agnes* hastened after him, seized him, supported him in her arms, scolded him and wept with him, while he sobbed and struggled in vain for composure. She made him lie down. Then she lighted up the Christmas-tree, and the Father saw, but only as in a Dream, everything prepared.

When all was ready she said to him : Bring *thy* Child, and he did so. But the joy of the Child was extinguished ; she lifted up the little golden Hood and the white Frock—but scarcely smiled, and hid herself on her Father. The Angel at the top of the Christmas-tree took fire ; it blazed up. And the Child admired in her little hand the Ashes of the Angel and the remnant of Tinsel from the wings.

During the Night the Child suddenly sat upright. Her Father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again to him and said in a low voice : Dear Father ! Father, do not be angry !

Wherefore should I be angry, my Child ?

Ah ! thou wilt certainly be very angry !

Tell me, I pray thee, what it is !

But promise me first !

Here, thou hast my Hand. Why, then, am I not to be angry ?

Ah ! Father, because I am dying ! But

weep not! weep not too much! My Mother says, thou needest thine Eyes. I would willingly—ah! how willingly—remain with thee,—but I am dying!

Dear Child, thou must not die! The Suffering would be mine alone!

Then weep not thus! Thou hast already made me so sorry!—ah! so sorry! . Now I can no longer bear it. Therefore weep not! Knowest thou that when thou used to sit and paint and look so devout, then the beautiful Disciple whom thou didst paint for me, stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly!

Now I promise thee, I will not weep! said *Albert*, thou good little soul! Go hence and bespeak a Habitation for me in our Father's House; for thee and for me!

*Albert* now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then *Agnes* exclaimed: Behold! there stands the Apostle again! He beckons me!—shall I go away from thee?—Oh Father!——

With strange curiosity *Albert* looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But whilst he looked with tearful Eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks—the lovely Child had slumbered away.

The Father laid all the Child's little Playthings into the Coffin with her—that he and her Mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little Gods, the Angels, the little Lamb, the little Coat for the Snow-king, and the little golden Pots and Plates. Over the whole, Moss and Rose-leaves. Thereon was she now bedded. Thus she lay, her Countenance white and pure, for the mark, the purple Cross, had disappeared with the Blood from her Cheeks. And now for the first time she had on the white Frock, and the golden Hood encircled her little Head, but not so close as to prevent a Lock of her Hair escaping from beneath.

Her Father then sat down in front of her, and painted his Child in her Coffin. But

the sight overpowered him; he could not bear it for wretchedness. The Evening Twilight was come; he laid himself on his Couch, and felt the Pangs and dreamed the Thoughts expressed in the Distich which *Wilibald* sent to him :

Harsh Death ! why hast thou from me ta'en the  
lovely Child ?—I had

In it an Angel—thou a little Coffin with its Dust !

\* \* \*

See there the Playthings idle stand ; on them  
alluringly

The early Sun shines down, and I as one transfixed  
stand by.

\* \* \*

Whether it lived ? or whether died ? the Child now  
knows it not !

I know it well, and with the Child into the Grave  
am sinking.

\* \* \*

Weep and lament ! and yet into the Earth they  
bear thy Child ;

Weep and lament ! and yet to thee it ne'er returns  
again.

\* \* \*

A thousand Mothers have been thus bereft ! shall  
that me comfort ?

Ah! now I only mourn the more! I also mourn  
for them.

\* \* \*

A Father's Heart is broken. Death! thou hast had  
thy Triumph.

Henceforth in Heaven I put my trust; but in the  
Earth no more.

\* \* \*

If Sorrow to the Child thou thoughtst to bring, oh  
Death! thou art deceived;  
For yesterday it living laughed; to-day, tho' dead,  
it smiles.

\* \* \*

This is—Consolation! and for the Child thy bitt' rest  
Pain

Is at an end. Thine own is—Love! so bear it now,  
as once

It did enrapture thee! and if thou know'st the  
Life of Love,

Then wilt thou henceforth Love the Dead, and live  
for her that sleeps.

\* \* \*

*Agnes* now entered timidly, with a light  
in her hand; she gazed around her, 'advanced,  
and looked if *Albert* was asleep? Having  
concluded that he was so, she went in front  
of the Child, beheld with a pallid Counte-


nance the pure Cheek, and bending down, the poor soul continued weeping for a long time over the Child, trying at the same time to encircle her with her arms. She held the light to the little golden Hood, took it off, cut off some of the beautiful soft Hair, concealed it in her Bosom, placed the little Hood again on the Head over which she had just been weeping, sprinkled the little Angel with Holy Water, knelt at her feet and prayed—then stole away silently as she had come, and disappeared like a Spirit.

What must have been his Thoughts!





How *Albert* bids Farewell to  
his Wife.

LBERT'S greatest, yea, almost his only Joy in Life was now gone, and, as he well knew, irrecoverably gone. *Agnes* might well imagine what must now have been his feelings. She had already, in times past, prophesied evil days, if *his Child* should die. But it was not so: he was silent; the Mother was silent; the Child was never more named between them; the Remembrance of her died away by degrees from among Men, of whom she had scarcely seen any. His Marriage remained Childless; and thus every

one, especially in after years, believed that a Child had never blessed him ; and those who piqued themselves on their knowledge of Mankind accounted for *Agnes's* deep Dejection solely and confidently from the circumstance of her being Childless. And a Motherless Child is only half as unblest as a Childless Wife, who, shut out from her natural sphere, and scarcely to be amused by Vanities, sees her fairest Hopes cut off. She pines away and bends towards the ground like a half-cut Vine-branch, and never stands joyfully erect, nor looks cheerfully, loaded by her own Abundance, on the ripening Grapes of the neighbour-stocks. And this Sorrow is the more stinging because the subject is always both kindly and painfully evaded by others ; it must therefore be suppressed and endured in silence, and yet can never be forgotten. And thus this supposed Sorrow passed current as an—excuse for *Agnes*, and *Albert* confirmed the convenient belief from Love to her, and Respect for

himself—at least he did so by Silence on the subject of his little Daughter.

Some Lines which he found in his coat on returning home from the Churchyard, contributed the most to his further satisfaction. They thus addressed him :

A Way I know, by which thou on thyself  
Revenge canst take for all the Ills that others  
To thee do. Angry must thou be ! Grievous  
To thee is this Life ? Offers it only  
Misery, and Sickness, and dire Poverty,  
And num'rous Hardships ? Then thou must murmur !  
Or fleeting is this World, and full of Death ?  
Then thou must grieve ! Thyself thou punish'st thus,  
For others' Faults. — But if thou'rt truly Wise,  
With Patience thou'lt endure whatever  
Is and must be ; and in thy pious Soul  
Thyself thou wilt rejoice—that pious Soul  
Which all surmounts, and thee of nought doth rob.  
And if the Fate of those by thee beloved  
Doth cause thee Grief, then think : they suffer nought,  
As thou, if truly Pious. Weep'st thou still ?—  
Then think : that Love thy fancied Sorrow is !  
And be thou blest, as Love makes all who feel it !

And now *Albert* drew a Picture of himself  
in his seven-and-twentieth year, prompted

by the following motive.\* He saw, namely, how much his Countenance and his whole Form had changed in a few years, and he wished to keep—to preserve the Remembrance of himself, at least in a Picture—in case he should soon look paler and more wretched. He disclaimed the idea of making any one happy by it, or that he could make himself so by means of a warmly-reflected Image of Happiness. To an upright man, indeed, Happiness is not necessary. God knows well upon whom he can lay the Evil which is as it were unavoidable in His World, so that it weighs little or nothing on those who must bear it—on the Patient and the Pure in Heart. Therefore *Albert* thanked God even for this, which he reflected on gladly, that of all the Houses in the World, *his* was the best into which his

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\* Master *Albert* sent this Picture of himself to *Florence*, to *Andrea del Sarto*. It founded his Fame in *Italy*.

*Agnes* could have come, where she was as happy as it was possible for *her* to be, untroubled and uninjured.

He now threw himself entirely into the arms of his Art. Not as to a Refuge, but that he might be independent and free from the World, as he had always formerly wished, and yet hoped not *so* to be. This, however, when attained, was quite indifferent to him ! He now began his " Little Passion," his favourite Work, in whose Features he as it were deposited all his Feelings, or depicted these under their quiet Sunshine, their full Glow and Power.

But the Death of his Father drew him again, Heart and Thoughts, into the rough World. The God-fearing Man had spent all the hard-earned Gainings of his Hand, in bringing up his Children under such wholesome training and discipline as would render them acceptable to God and Man. He was patient, meek, peaceable towards every Man ; and in the midst of perpetual

honest Struggles, diverse Afflictions, Attacks, and Reverses, he had never been able to enjoy much Society or worldly Comfort. His Son *Albert* had no *wish* for what his Father had never been *able* to attain, and thus retired and peaceable like him, he yet excelled him in Contentment.

*Albert's* Mother *Barbara* was now old and poor. It was needful, not that her Son should repay her, for that was impossible—but that he should show his Love to her by fostering her and providing for her comfort in her old Age, as she had fostered him and provided for his comfort in his Youth. His Father had been made happy by her—had been so indeed chiefly through her. She had always only modestly *asked* for what she *wished*; and what he discreetly *signified* to be his Wish, that she had always *done*. But for two whole years *Agnes* prevented her Husband from taking his Mother home to his house. *Albert* was indignant at this; and *Agnes*, in her turn—as if his Mother understood

Housekeeping better, and were now to guide her—was angry at his displeasure. He held, however, inwardly and unalterably firm to what was right. He had also taken his Brother *Johannes* into his house, to instruct him in his Art, but was obliged, to make up for this, to send away *Andreas*,\* whom he assisted secretly that he might travel and improve himself in *his* Art.

When *Albert* now went out, his Friends pressed his hand more warmly. They praised his Paintings, his Woodcuts, his Relievos, and his other pieces of Sculpture, beyond all bounds. For an honest Master certainly knows first and best which of his Works is good, and how accomplished. And no one

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\* This brother *Andreas* was his sole heir, inheriting house, business, and all his works of art. Of these, however, he took so little care, that the plates were abstracted in great numbers; and it was at this time that so many bad impressions were taken from the original plates. *Andreas* was married, but died also without children.—*Translator*.

knows so well as he, what he has *intended* to produce. Therefore he knows also what he has performed, and what he has left behind, God knows where. He marked well also the Motive of their Praise—and he bore it. The whole City knew also! but *Agnes* imagined not that they knew, until one day a Marforio Verse, in the form of a short Conversation, was sent to her, she knew not how. It was entitled:

“THE MASTER IN THE HOUSE.”

WIFE.

Under the Table to retire you dare.

HUSBAND.

Here safer am I sure than any where!

WIFE.

Come forth directly.

HUSBAND.

That will I not do!

WIFE.

Shall I bend down, and so take hold of you?  
How very bold now all at once you are!

HUSBAND.

My dear! one grows at length an Iron Bar;  
Here, 'neath the table, will I shew you, Spouse,  
That I alone am Master in the House!

These exaggerated words struck home. It is all over between us, said she, softly and almost weeping. Her words moved him even to Tears, and *he* could not throw off the impression they made on his mind. *She*, however, soon got out of humour again, and the more regardlessly so, since her Conduct in Life was now so well known that she could no longer conceal it even from herself by a Veil of Mystery. Thus Evil as well as Good is augmented by Publicity.

An unamiable Wife does infinite harm, when by her conduct she makes all other Women distasteful to her husband. For the Wife is the Husband's Glass, through which he contemplates the World; she is the Tuning-hammer of his Soul. But she does him still greater harm when she makes others dear to him; that is to say, when we learn to feel and observe as it were to the Glory of God, that He has made a fair and excellent Work when he created Eve out of a rib of her Husband, and now freely repeats the

Work, as countless as the Sand of the Sea. For *Albert's* Love was now to sustain a hard trial.

*Pirkheimer's* Spouse, *Crescenzia*, had been taken away from him. Alas! poor Man! —for he had become *poor*, *rich* as he was. He desired to have a Picture of her thus: himself weeping at the foot of her Bed, and kneeling as he then knelt; *Crescenzia* receiving extreme Unction, and holding the Wax Taper and the Crucifix. At the bed was to be standing also his Sister, the Nun of *Santa Clara*.

Her Picture—the Child had also been allowed to spoil. It thus cost a walk to the Convent.

*Clara* was sitting in the Parlour. She was unveiled, patiently awaiting him, and greeted him softly with a smile, and a delicate Blush—for Virgin Modesty *why* she was there—was only perceptible because she looked so very pale. When she saw however how — *Years* had gnawed on him — and

a Woman sees at a glance, as the Gardener sees by the Fruit how the tree is flourishing, the Fruit of his past Life, yea the Soul of Man in his Countenance—then her features assumed the sadness which he needed for the Scene! A difficult Picture! But his Soul held the Colours. He thought not: If this sweet form, this gentle *Clara* were thy *Agnes*!—Ah no! he scarcely thought, If thy *Agnes* were like her! For his Father's Will was sacred to him, and sacred—her he loved; for it was because he loved, that he now suffered! and because she *would* not love him that she suffered!

He finished the Tablet, which was destined for the Church of *St. Sebaldus*, in his own house, and wrote thereon the Latin Inscription in gilt letters. *Agnes* stood and looked at it, and made out the beginning: *Mulieri incomparabili*—then asked what all the rest of the words meant? *Albert* wished to be silent; but, after having composed himself, he said to her, They are—"To the incom-

parable Woman and Wife, my *Clara Crescenzia*, I, *Wilibald Pirkheimer*, her Husband, whom she never disturbed\* but by her Death, erect this Monument.

*Agnes* was angry, as if he had said these words to her from his own Heart! and *Clara* the pale Nun, who in the Picture was looking away from *Crescenzia* for sorrow, now seemed to look at her! But no Tear fell from her Eye. *Albert* alone wept.

He prepared himself now for his Journey. And as he parted from his Mother, she gave him her hand, held it for a time, and only gently said: Rely meanwhile on thy Wife! I dare not allow it to be remarked how much I love thee, else she will become my Enemy. Whoever does not consider her in the right, becomes suspicious to her. And yet she is excellent, as excellent as her Sister, who is firm in Honour; and both are certainly God-fearing Women! But yet it is evident, and

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\* *Turbavit*—grieved.—*W. P.*

I must myself confess it, Fidelity is only *one* Virtue in a Woman, and perhaps, for as sacred and essential as it is—yet not the best. For the peace of her Husband she must possess many others besides. It were certainly better, as *Pirkheimer* said——\* Yet believe me, she reserves her Love for thee alone, perhaps till she—or till thou——  
She broke off.

*Albert* remained more than a year in *Venice*. And here, placed again in the living wrestling World, full of young Minds who were opening up new Paths, he perceived how salutary it is for an Artist to tear himself away from his circumscribed path in the midst of his days, that he may once more

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\* What he said, will be found in the Life of *Albert Dürer* by *Roth*, published at *Leipzig* by *Dyk*, in 1791. page 21.—But I do not wish to say anything injurious !  
—*I, The Editor.*

This, or at least the substance of it, has been given in the Preface.—*Translator.*

have a free view of his fellow-creatures in the World around him. He becomes young again. His Life has two Springs. He receives new impressions, and by means of already cultivated Art, executes what he has newly conceived with Mind and Vigour. He thus once more, as it were, branches out, and new Tendrils shoot forth — and only on young yearly Shoots do Grapes grow! Should he neglect this, then he becomes by degrees stiff, and as it were petrified, even in those which are considered his best Compositions.

*Albert's Works* had reached even to that City; and it appeared strange to the *Italians* that everything good and beautiful was no longer to come from *Rome* and *Byzantium*, and wander towards the cold North, without remuneration in the way of Money; nay, that Time had now begun to reverse the order of things, and that Light and Power, and Reason and Art, should now come towards the South from the Barbarians to the

sinking Nations! And what he had devised amidst Sufferings and Sorrow, lying on his couch in Silence and in Darkness, and afterwards accomplished in his lonely little Chamber, as if for no one but himself, now shone in the Sunshine of the Distance, and gave Delight to Men. Thus he looked upon his own Works with Thankfulness, and stood before them with folded hands. The old Masters looked at him sullenly; those of his own age blushed; the younger were full of bashful Ardour. That was a sufficient reward for him for all—*besides!* It imparted to him the satisfaction which the Artist, almost burying himself, labours Day and Night to attain. For the Mind of Man is wonderfully and almost laughably formed; and it is also modestly limited in its Desires. For all his lifelong Difficulties and Vexations, he desires only Recognition, not so much as Praise. Even the Hound runs itself to Death after the Hare, if his Master only says to him, thou art a brave *Apollo*. The Soldier who

is accounted brave goes like a Demigod into the tumult of the Fight, and perishes therein, as if a Man could and should be nothing else than a slaughterer of his Fellow-men. The Wife who toils during her whole Life with House and Field and Children, goes fresh under the Yoke again on Monday if she has sat for an Hour well dressed on Sunday afternoon, and traces nothing more of the World than God's Sunshine and her own weary Hands, if her Husband only says to her, Truly thou art a diligent Wife, and dost thy duty. So is it also with the Artist. These words, "Thou hast painted a good Picture," satisfies his Heart—for he has honestly done that which the Lord has given him ability to do. And therefore is the small satisfaction not contemptible; for the Work which the Lord has dealt out to the Human Race is performed everywhere with fidelity, but in truth through *Recognition* alone—and without Reward, for it yields only *clear Consciousness*. And that is enough for such a noble creature

as Man. He labours in his Father's Vineyard, and is his Child.

But other Honours also awaited him in *Italy*. The Master *Bellino* wished to have the very Pencil from him with which he painted Hair so very minutely, and yet many at a time. *Marcantonio Raimondi* made Counterfeits of his Plates. *Andrea Mantegna* wished to see him, and wrote to him with a trembling hand, while sick unto death. He went to Padua, and found the incomparable Master—dead. The longing had kept him in Life till within a few minutes before: his Eyes were not yet closed. In *Bologna* they were content to die, now that they had seen him Face to Face;—so enraptured were they with his Works. The almost youthful *Raphael Sanzio* took *Albert's* simple Landscapes as Backgrounds and Corners for his Pictures. But false reports were also spread among the people, in which Lies had all the influence and effect of Truth. *Buonarotti* was said to have torn *Albert's*

Drawings, and burnt his Paintings: no Painter does that. But it was to him a signal proof, as well of the Incapacity of the World to judge, going on as it does eternally echoing what gifted Spirits have suggested;—and that is a sad thing for the genuine Masters and for the value of their Art!—and it was partly to him a proof of this, that all things become living Legends, Diligence and Skill, as well as Life and Action—and that it may be considered a valuable piece of good fortune when an Artist pleases the People, for he has after his own manner responded to the contemporaneous tendency and manner of thinking, and exhibited to Mankind what they were anticipating and striving after. When these claims are extinguished with the revolving Generations, then he becomes nothing but a mere Legend.

Our dear Master stood much in need of this renewed vigour of Heart and Mind, when he returned home to his Wife. He gave her an account of his Expenses.

While he stood on sure ground, and excited also by the cheerfulness of the Italians, he had, to please her, learned to dance. But so irksome did he find it, that he had only taken two Lessons: this cost one Ducat.

It was indeed impossible for him to transport himself suddenly into the midst of disturbing and intoxicating worldly things, from the faithful, devoted, often pious Thoughts which, induced by his Art, continually occupied his Mind: and from the longing retired Feelings which his high Conceptions always produced in him; and although it did not hurt, but rather on the contrary furthered him, to see and to hear all the Merriment of the People, yet he could not think of carrying it so far as to make a moving Doll of his own Body. For that his feet always failed him.

The Painters had sued him three times, because, without belonging to any of their Schools, he had painted in *Venice*. That cost four Florins.

The ride to *Bologna*, to improve himself in the mysterious Art of *Perspectiva*, cost money—and this Art could not be exhibited to *Agnes*.

He had intended to bring her a piece of oriental woollen Cloth; but the house in which he was took fire; the oriental Cloth was burnt. It cost, notwithstanding, eight Ducats.

He had lent eight Ducats to a poor Painter, who was going to *Rome* for the purpose of secretly disinterring again the old Pictures which *Raphael* had left choked up in the Baths.\* But the man died at *Rome* in his debt.

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\* At the time that Raffaello was charged by Pope Leo X. with the decoration of the Loggie of the Vatican, the interior of the Baths of Titus had just been discovered. The paintings were in all their original freshness and splendour, of a brilliancy of which the external air and various accidents have since deprived them; thus owing their entire preservation to the very cause which had created their oblivion. According to one tradition, Raffaello copied, and afterwards destroyed,

A year before the period of this Journey, *Raphael* had sent his Picture to *Albert*, painted elaborately by himself; and now *Albert* sent his in water colours, also elaborately painted, to *Raphael*, whose Picture of the Entombment of *Christ* had become the foundation of his fair Fame.\*

Now, because *Albert* had brought nothing Home, and had only mere Projects to offer, *Agnes* sold the *Raphael* painted by *Raphael*, for a paltry Sum of Money. That was bitterer to him than if *Raphael* had sold him. For we have an understanding from afar with him whose Picture we possess: the Soul sees no Giant in a misty Form ready to overthrow

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some portions of the arabesque ornaments, in order to claim the invention of them; but this allegation has been fully contradicted, as he has merely adopted their spirit and taste, but without borrowing from them a single idea of any importance. See the "Life and Works of Raffaello," by Quatremere de Quincy.—*Translator*.

* This picture is now the chief ornament of the Borghese gallery at Rome.—*Translator*.

us with invisible Weapons. No, he looks at us as lovingly, as quietly, and as attentively—as we look at him; he is a Man, and thus we also feel humanly. But—*Albert* had sent his Picture with this desire also, that he might be judged of by a Master in his own Department—that he might let him see himself. For the Masters are the true Lights, who can best elucidate and judge of Compositions in their own Art. Thus only can a Work be understood and known—then it is, indeed, that the Master understands his own Work! To be judged of by the World in general, neither improves nor refreshes him.

But all these Evils were atoned for, by a great Sum of Money, nearly Eleven hundred Rhenish Florins, that *Albert* received from the Emperor, *Rodolph II.*, for a Picture of the Martyrdom of *St. Bartholomew*, which he had painted in *Venice*, and which, well packed in bales, two strong Men on foot had carried on Poles from *Venice* to *Prague*.

Then there was Joy in the House! Mistress *Agnes* prepared some strong foaming Chocolate, which new Beverage she had heard much vaunted, and with long suppressed desire to partake of it. During the sipping of the same, she now in her usual way spoke of everything which she would procure, as pleasantly as the Drink fell pleasantly on her Tongue. The things she now saw so sweetly in her Mind's Eye, she afterwards provided herself with; good household Furniture, pretty Dresses, Trunks, Drawers, Pewter vessels, all the requisites for Needlework. Now there was Abundance going on—cutting, sewing, trimming and putting in order! At last Master *Albert* laid down the Receipt before her, shewing that he had paid the whole of his Debts in *Venice*. She tore the *paper* for Joy. When the bright Sun shone into the Room and the polished Tin glistened, then *Agnes* sat down pleasantly and played again on the Harp. She smiled quite benignantlly Night and Morning from

beneath the new Bedclothes. She even allowed herself to be drawn by her Husband in a Picture which represented *Adam* and *Eve*, and the beautiful *Agnes* was the beautiful *Eve*. *Albert* had for a long time wished to draw the innocent Pair, but had never ventured, for want of an *Eve*. Now he succeeded in the Picture, and a Stone was removed from his Heart. He also struck a Medal of her. In it she is represented with her innocent lovely Countenance looking upwards. She was delighted with the Design, and the Master was pleased that she was pleased. Yet she willingly took Twelve hundred Rhenish Florins for the picture of *Adam* and *Eve*, and it was hung up in the splendid Hall in the Fortress.* The House was paid; and then *Agnes* looked out at the Window

* This picture is still to be seen in the palace of Prague. The fortress or imperial castle of Nürnberg is a building of great antiquity, where the Emperors resided during the middle ages. The King of Bavaria now uses it when in the city.—*Translator*.

with him one Sunday as the people were coming from Church. Her Locks hung beautifully down her soft Cheeks, and the Master looked through between them and watched with delight her roguish Eye. She was quite beautiful, and he came to the conclusion that he would marry her again, if she had not already been his Wife.

All at once there was a hollow Sound of heavy Footsteps! They were carrying a little Girl in an open Coffin, adorned with garlands of Flowers, out at the Gate. The Parents came weeping behind. *Agnes* changed colour. *Albert* went from the Window.

Alas! that the Remembrance of the old Days should spoil the new! that Grief is *born* with the Death of those dear to us! He who has known a deep and bitter Grief, need no longer strive after Happiness, but only after Peace, after inward Composure and Forgetfulness; else he heaps up to himself Sorrow on Sorrow; and even if he should attain to what seems the Crown of Happi-

ness, yet the Jewel is wanting thereto, the ornamental Stone—in the Cross! Therefore lifelong Meekness must be the Portion of him whose Heart is broken! also reverential Resignation to Him who has ordained it for him. In Piety alone is constant satisfaction to be found. And it is God who has given him this also, and with it all things.

Physicians call a recurrence of the same Malady to one scarcely recovered a Relapse; which is always more dangerous, and for a longer time prostrating, than the Sickness which attacks healthy Persons; for the Patient is now more irritable.—*Albert* was moved; and he began to pity *Agnes* also. Yet—even old Wounds that have been torn open, close again! But even now, in her more prosperous condition, *Agnes* was not happy, because her Parents were still in indigence! Her own better Lot oppressed her! He sympathized with her Sorrow, for she could not be happy; and neither could he, for Happiness seemed out of his reach.

He felt the prevailing power of Family Ties, which bind more closely than frivolous persons imagine, for in this way Nature enlarges the circle of Domestic Life and gives a more cordial view of Man's earthly condition. A Man marries not only his Mother-in-law, but also all the Relations of his Wife. What is for their advantage or disadvantage affects him also. He is not rich and happy till they are all *above want*. The World therefore considers it a Disgrace to him who does not feel himself still more bound to her Family than he is to his Wife, even if she were a Paragon, a Jewel among them. So much the more desirable is it, therefore, to stand well with all her Relations, be they who they may, because otherwise the connection once entered into brings still greater Evils with it.

Agnes always thought that *Albert* looked down upon her Family, all of them Artisans, with the exception of her Father, the Optician, who came into the City to the

Festivals, and played on the Harp and sung ; *also* loved a good Glass of Wine ; *also* could not refuse the last—the intoxicating one, after which he came and loaded his Daughter with Reproaches, uttered with a *smiling* mien, till he moved himself to Tears by his own Admonitions ! Or he sang very comically, in the voice of the Husband and Wife alternately, the Song of “ The Master in the House.” Nay, it was said that he himself had made the Song to shew his Displeasure. This irritated his Daughter, as might be supposed. *Albert* smiled at the old man, for there is Truth in Wine. He could only venture now to love and praise the poor man with great limitation ; but in truth he esteemed all her Relations. For him there was neither Condition nor Rank nor Riches in the World. All its thousand Trifles,—its thronging and striving and outbidding, troubled him not. He strove only after one thing, and lived in a world of his own. Every one was valued by him at what he

was; yea he even rated him at that which he wished to be; for as an Artist he desired himself to be honoured, as one who knows better than all others what is the true genuine worth of everything he has meditated, and which he wishes or is able to call into Existence. Only he now learned that it is not right to do good too secretly, so that even our right Hand, our Wife, knows it not. Therein he was wrong! For in this way many who are in Need know not where to find Help.

To all the old Burdens was now added this. And as Bodies apparently increase in Weight the deeper they sink, so much the more heavily presses a Burden which has been borne Days, Months, Years. And that any one bears it willingly, lessens only the Complaints on account of it. He wished to work, she wished Money; and luckily both Desires were gratified. And it is quite reasonable that many should strive after *one* thing, but with different views; only no one

should evil interpret those of the other, or force his own upon him. It was thus that *Albert* learnt to represent all the Passions, the more strikingly they were painted, yea burnt into the peaceful Mirror of his Soul. A knowledge of good and evil Passions furthers the Artist: Love, Joy, Pleasure, Patience, Compassion, Devotion, Astonishment, Horror, Wrath, Sadness, Envy, Hatred—all these he succeeded in depicting, because he was Master of them; and with thankful and upright heart he considered himself fortunate as—a Painter, and therefore also as a Man.

Meanwhile—the Passions of those whom we love are infectious! And *Albert* painted and carved and moulded many things according to *her* Views—and to give her Pleasure. His House was a daily School of Discipline: not to be avaricious, or sulky, or quarrelsome; or yet dictatorial, unreasonable, and supercilious when everything succeeded to a wish. For all the Faults of a Man usually proceed from one and the same source. It

could scarcely be said that Fame now gave him Pleasure,—he lived by it as it were in a sustained elevated condition, which exercised an advantageous influence on his Works; for the World gains for the most part by the Praise bestowed by itself on the Artist—and when Students of the Arts and Masters made a Pilgrimage from Italy to Frankfort to see his Ascension of St. Mary,* he only uttered a gloomy *Indeed?* thereto. For he almost feared to send a Painting to a new place;—first on account of the Praise—and then on account of the Pity. For he who did not admire him as a Painter, and yet could not well contend against his Worth, concealed his Envy by compassionating him as a Man—and then he could call him an *unfortunate* Painter. A confidential Friend recounted

* This magnificent picture, which was afterwards bought by the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria for 10,000 florins, perished when the Castle of Munich was burnt in 1674.—*Translator.*

to him that *Buonarotti* had determined to make Art his Wife; and it was also said of *Raphael*, that he wished rather to belong to Woman in general, than that *one* woman should belong to him.

This grieved *Albert* much, not only for the sake of the Men themselves, but chiefly for *Agnes's* sake. He laboured much; and by degrees, in the course of years, many Ducats came in, which *Agnes* brightened up and preserved. They were all indeed to be for her. At first she only meant to save as much of the Gold as would keep her *above want* during the few years she might outlive him, being younger than he; then, there must be sufficient to enable her to live *as well* as she had been accustomed to do; but at last, the *Interest* of the Money must be sufficient for that purpose. So true is it that the Children of Men, all of them, and everywhere, are born with an equally strong desire for worldly Prosperity. They wish to have and to enjoy everything;

but all of them cannot do so. And the season of Youth is just the time for becoming inured, under the parental roof, to the Condition which must be entered on and endured in after life, and in which success may probably be obtained; and the Father's House is the step from which this Life begins. Man's future Life, therefore, so viewed, is just the Limitation of all the Desires of the human Mind to the Measure of Right, and to the Standard of what is consistent with the well-being of others. It is also at the same time the School of Patience and of Wisdom; it teaches every one to be content with that which Life can afford him; and in what has been vouchsafed him, to discover every human Happiness, to carry his own into it, or place it therein. He who does not learn from Life, but continues during its whole course to put forth the usual Claims, uncurbed by a thousand Mortifications, undiminished, yea louder and more angrily—he must be dissatisfied, the more vehement his Longings, the greater the Claims

that Youth and Beauty, Skill and good Fortune in general, appear to give him. He does not prize the Blessings which he possesses ; nay he rejects them and enjoys them not, till he becomes wise—that is to say, till they vanish away from him.

Albert's Mother *Barbara* now also died. She was a Daughter of *Kunigunde*, the Daughter of *Oellinger von Weissenburg*, and therefore of gentle Birth. *Agnes* had imagined that she must be proud and look down upon her with contempt. This supposition wounded her pure natural Feelings, and her notions of the Dignity of human Nature. She therefore wished to combat it ; and thus his Mother had to endure scornful Words, Derision, and even Fear. But the pious Woman suffered nothing therefrom, because she forgave everything to the Wife of her Son, and departed, absolved by Papal Power from Pain and Guilt. God be gracious to her !

She had lived nine years in her Son's House, and he missed her sadly ; for he had only to

look into her Eyes, only to hear an encouraging Word from her—"My Son!"—and he was refreshed and meek as before. Her Eyes were now closed—what could he have done? A Man is no Judge between his Mother and his Wife; and where Love does not reconcile, all other attempts only increase the Evil.

There was now indeed greater Stillness in the House than ever. From all that had passed, *Agnes* began to be suspicious even of the Praise which her Husband bestowed on her, thinking it was only in Mockery. How ready she was to apply to herself what was passing around her, may be judged of by this instance, that one day, when he wrote a large Seven on the black table, as the product of a mental Calculation, and then went away, she thought it alluded to her as the evil-renowned Seven.* If he smiled, then

* In Germany it is vulgarly said of a shrewish or mischievous woman, that she is a Bad Seven.—*Translator.*

she wept; if he pitied the poor, shy, frightened Child, then she laughed. And thus he passed with the same grave undisturbed mien through the hundred-coloured Days. She called that Indifference, Coldness! But he would not have suffered if he could at last have become indifferent to his Wife. The Faults of those we love cause us double Anguish: they—ah! they should be more pure and faultless than we! And she never confessed a Fault, and he concealed them from himself, and still hoped for peaceful Days—of Harvest.

Albert's tender-hearted Scholar now played him a sorry Trick. He felt for his Master more than if he had been his Father, and thinking that *Albert's* Death would make a good and lasting Impression on *Agnes*, he had strapped on his Bundle, and taken leave of them, but had returned in the dark and gone into *Albert's* painting room. He then put the pale Wax Mask, which had been faithfully copied from *Albert's* Bust, on a

clothed figure which was to represent *Albert*, and put on it also his old Painter's Coat be-daubed with Colours.

He so placed it as to lead to the supposition that it had fallen from the Ladder, and poured dark-red colours, like Blood, over it. He then knocked suddenly and alarmingly at *Agnes's* door, who ran into the Room horror-struck with a Light in her hand, and stood astonished and petrified before her dead *Albert*, knelt down by him, and wiped the Blood from his Forehead. *Albert*, who had just come home, then entered; she looked round, and thought it was his Ghost that she saw stalking towards her. He spoke, and she recognised him, but thrust him from her blood-red with Anger. She then wished to make her escape, but the Light having been extinguished by the draught from her dress, she could not find the Door. At length, both having composed themselves, they embraced in the Dark, and wept bitterly.

Dost thou know what has happened, my *Agnes*? asked *Albert* at last. Thou art alive! said she. No, replied he; *Raphael* is dead! *Leonardo da Vinci* is dead! These tidings reached me to-day at the same moment!

She let go her hold of him. The Might of Heaven, the Nothingness of the Earth, which lay in these Words—" *Raphael* is dead," fell like a Thunderbolt. The Night was amicably spent. *Agnes* besought him to travel into the Netherlands, and to accept the Emperor's Invitation, that he might have Recreation. Then he would certainly no longer need to paint. She was as much struck as was the whole of *Europe*. Her Husband had been for her as it were twice restored to Life this Day. And it is quite amazing, and borders on the fabulous, how much a great Man gains by the Death of a great Man. He rises in value three-fold, like the Sibylline Books. Because he has outlived the other, so he appears also

to outbid him; Hope yet shines on his Path, and the Words uttered in his Praise are laid by his Friends on the Scale of the Living, which they often blow up by empty breath and idle praise;—whilst the Dead, numbered with the Dead, with that primeval, silent, inactive Company, are dispatched with the words: *De mortuis nil nisi bene* (Say nothing but good of the Dead.) Moreover, if he has become old, if he has outlived the Masters of his time, then he becomes by the Grace of God a Support to the Arts and to those who understand Art. For Age is even in this respect a wonderful Gift of Grace. Yea, the most wretched Writer of Comedies in the time of *Aristophanes*, has only to appear boldly among us now, and he would be an Oracle of the Age; if he were only to sit and say nothing but the Words: That is fine! that is bad! yet from Reverence for his long fabulous silver Beard, and because of the Miracle of his Existence, he would be

chosen as a Judge, and his Wisdom praised. *Albert* was almost ashamed to live, now that *Raphael* was dead. Yet *he* lived in his Works. —

Now *Agnes* was not willing to let him go alone, because it seemed probable to her that he might not return again. But he felt bound to her by Gratitude; for there was never an Evening or a Morning in which he forgot that it was through her he had been so happy as to possess a Child—through her alone that he had possessed *this* beloved Child. He had only to think of the little *Agnes*, and it was enough for his Heart, enough to make him honour his Wife, and feel drawn towards her. Otherwise he might perhaps long ago — — but there was no such *otherwise*.

Agnes and *Susanna* now set out with him. The Honours he received in the Towns through which they passed were valued by him, only because they gave him Value in *Agnes's* eyes—or rather Toleration. That

was certainly not the right Feeling. But was it doing any harm to the World, as we understand it? Or should we not turn its Blessings to the best account for ourselves? Therefore he gave away Pictures, such as that of *St. Anna* and *St. Mary*, with the Infant *Christ*, to the Bishop of Bamberg, because he had invited him to be his Guest, and had paid for him at the Inn. At Antwerp the Painters invited him to their Rooms with his Wife and *Susanna*. They had a complete service of Plate, other costly Ornaments, and an extravagantly fine Dinner. Their Wives were also there. When he was conducted to Table, there was a Crowd of People on both sides, as if he had been a Lord; and among them were several persons of eminence, who shewed their Respect for him by profound Reverences. Late in the night they all accompanied him and his Wife home with Torches. *Agnes* could not sufficiently express her Amazement, and became quite perplexed and meditative.

Albert received a sad but salutary warning, when, having left his Wife in Antwerp, and taken shipping on the coast, with the intention of disembarking again at Armyud, he was prevented by a Tempest, which broke the Cable and drove him out into the midst of the frightful Billows of the Sea. During the Danger he became conscious that his *Agnes* might, must, and would one Day live without him! This Feeling slumbered in his Heart from that Day, and like a living Being, opened sometimes an Eye and looked at him, or moved within him.

He now went from Antwerp to Mechlin. *Margaret*, the Sister of *Charles V.*,* wished to see his *Agnes*. She said she would rather die than allow herself to be rated and scruti-

* This is a mistake of the author. Charles V. had no sister of that name. Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and aunt of Charles, at that time Governess of the Netherlands, must be the person meant. Dürer himself makes the same mistake in his journal.—*Translator*.

nized Body and Soul by the haughty crafty Dame, without daring to utter a Word in return. But it was of no use kicking and struggling. She adorned herself in the midst of Tears.

Margaret however received the still beautiful *Agnes*, who had put on her most amiable Countenance, very kindly. She desired her to sit down, and brought to her herself Wine and the finest Pastry. You are our dear Mistress *Agnes*, said she to her, for you know how to value an Artist, so as to benefit him and the World. An Artist's Marriage is, it is true, only that of a Man, and the Wife is the Husband's Help and Comfort, whatever be his calling or station. And every Husband stands in need of Encouragement, of Cheerfulness, of Peace in his Home, to enable him to bear what Life brings with it, and still to preserve the power of working for the benefit of Mankind. Cheerfulness gives the highest Power to do, and to endure, my beautiful Angel. But if he find a gloomy

Countenance at Home, where formerly his smiling Wife sat ; if he hear nothing, or a Murmur, from whence formerly sweet Words penetrated his Heart ; if he feel better and happier elsewhere than in his own Home, then Good-night to Peace, Good-night to Marriage. When Husbands remain out of their own Houses as often as possible during the Day, and as long as possible during the Evening, seeking for Happiness elsewhere, then that is a sign that Marriage is good for nothing to the Man, or to the Wife, or to both together. For had one of them been only properly mild and reasonable, patient and firm ; and the other only yielding and willing to receive Instruction ; then both might have found Happiness and held it fast. Friendship, even with the Friends of our Youth, must be very much limited in Marriage—for the Wife is the Husband's best Friend. And to every one his own. Only the disappointed have recourse to their old Friends again. But your *Albert*, dear, beau-

tiful *Agnes*, remains kindly at Home, as I hear, and throws no false colour on you, but the true one—on himself.

Agnes burned to speak, and if her Husband during many long Years had learned to read every one of her Features, she would then have said : Is this Mockery ? How ! are the Great then like Pulpit Orators, to whom no one can utter one word in reply, but may only think and smile ? But hereafter ! only have Patience ! Certainly one can injure another by flattering words, so that he can say nothing in reply—but he who is fair and just, so regulates his talk, that he injures the Feelings of none. Thou cunning One !

Margaret then took *Agnes's* Hand, pulled off her Glove, looked at the little delicate white Hand, stroked it, and held her own near it, as if she were measuring the Fingers. She then chose from a little Jewel-Box one of the most beautiful of many Rings, put it on *Agnes's* Finger, and said graciously : Take this from me as a token of the Gratitude of

all your Husband's Friends. For I honour and love him much—with such a Love as can make no Woman jealous, not even you, beautiful *Agnes*. I love his Mind and what he brings forth from it; you love himself, you alone possess him, his Heart, his Feelings, and his earthly Existence. But it is proper, and yet not rightly understood among Men, that the World should in an especial manner honour the Wife of the Artist! For she is the Honour of his House. If she is not happy, then his Happiness is—Unhappiness. She is united to him as the Elm is to the Vine; he is the sweet, the productive part to the World; but she holds and supports him, so that he brings forth Grapes; and without her—he sinks to the Ground.

She turned away for a Moment. At the sight of her moist Eyes, *Albert's* fell to the Ground. *Agnes* held the Glass very picturesquely to her purple Lips, and appeared to be sipping some of the sparkling Wine.

Drink not so, good *Agnes*, continued *Mar-*

garet. Drink to the Health of your own Master: Long Life and happy Days!

And *Agnes* whispered, looking at her and not at him: Long Life and happy Days!

That is as it ought to be, said the Princess. Now your Health must also be drunk by him and by me! for as the Artist cannot work, if only a Cloud—nay, even the Shadow of a Cloud—darken his Soul, not to speak of a Sorrow which tears his Heart,—and if it is only by the great, free, superior power of a pure Nature that he can work, but withal becomes therethrough fully abstracted and released from worldly things, and at last with mild Ardour reverences the Saints still more than he feels an ardent desire to represent them,—then I drink to your Health! We have to thank you for the great number of the Master's Works! You fan away Care from him; he is free from human Wants through you. For what little the Artist has need of on Earth, and yet must continue to demand from it, that you

bestow upon him lovingly, so that he scarcely knows whence it has come to him; were it not that he recognises your quiet beneficent Angel's Hand in the Gift, by the calm Peace which reigns around him! Thus he traces nothing of the rough World—but your Love, which like a mild spring Sunshine makes his Heart large and his Soul great. Therefore it is your good Fortune to share the enthusiastic Joy which carries him as it were a step farther on the Path of Life—as if Heavenly Spirits had ministered to his Soul—when he beholds another Work completed by his own Hand. But there is a God who rewards not only Pain: no, dear *Agnes*, he rewards also pure, loving Joy! And for everything that you do and are to your Husband, God will reward you. Believe that of a surety.

What frightful things she says! Were it indeed so! muttered *Agnes*, staring before her. Then recovering herself, she turned to *Margaret*, and said: Gracious lady! I understand you; but you do not understand

me; and yet you are a Woman. So be it! I can endure this no longer. But mark well! human Judgment is defective: He alone can judge who knows all Hearts; but He judges not, because he knows them, and because He formed them.

You know, said *Margaret*, turning to *Albert*, that the Emperor said, when a Nobleman was not willing to hold the Ladder to you at his command, because he thought his Nobility would thereby be sullied—that you were, on account of the excellency of your Art, greater than a Nobleman, because he could make any Peasant a Nobleman, but could not make a Nobleman an Artist;—here then the Emperor presents to you also the golden Chain, the Badge and Ornament of a Knight.* You are this day invited to his Table; you are also appointed his Court

* It was Maximilian who bestowed letters of nobility, and also a handsome pension, on Dürer; but he continued afterwards to experience the liberality of the

Painter. Therefore, if you feel as you speak, dear *Agnes*, you will rejoice in the Honours of your Husband! Your Name will live with his, when we, whose Appanage in Life has been high Rank, shall appear only as Names on the withered genealogical Tree, only as faded Ink.—Now go in peace.

Agnes hastened away, her Face much flushed. *Margaret* made a Sign to *Albert* to come back again. She stood a little while mute and contemplative; she then said to him: I am sorry for the poor Child nevertheless—she is but a Woman; and I cannot conceal from you, that *I* should not like to have such a perfect Husband, who lives in Heaven, and only descends sometimes graciously to dwell with us on Earth; and who, removed beyond the reach of Wo-

illustrious Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand, King of Hungary. The golden chain is of course the same that is mentioned by the author as having been laid aside by Dürer on his deathbed.—*Translator.*

man's Judgment, is himself just so much the more praised and honoured. We Women prefer a human being like ourselves.

Albert made an obeisance. Then *Margaret* observed the Ring in the bottom of the Wine-glass, which *Agnes* had just set down. Take it, she said;—I give it now a second time, and in a very different sense, to your Wife—as a Woman.

Agnes was not to be seen. She lay at Home sick, and the Apothecary received fourteen Stivers, and the Monk who visited her, eight Stivers. She then packed up, and that signified to *Albert* that they were to set out on their homeward Journey to the dear familiar *Nürnberg*.

She there buried herself in Loneliness and Fancies, which went on multiplying within her. The Words of *Margaret* operated very powerfully afterwards: and *Agnes* also murmured, because the Princess had considered him richly and well paid by these Words for many Works which he had executed for her,

or presented to her. He had also presented to the King of *Denmark*, who was in *Brussels*, some of the best of his Engravings—out of respect. For it was a delight to him to give pleasure to the World by his Works, and he lived to please every one. Only he should not give Presents to great people, thought *Agnes*. But in this he certainly did not agree. The Rich must pay for the Poor! thought she. And so he was often obliged to bargain with a poor Purchaser of his Works for a few Florins more—instead of remitting the whole! But—*Hanns Frei*, his Father-in-law, had now lain for two years sick; his Wife died, and a Sepulchre was built for them and *Albert* together; and after the lapse of nearly two years, his Father-in-law died also. *Agnes's* Grief was thus doubly deep; for her Father had departed this Life in the midst of Reverses of Fortune almost beyond endurance, and her Life and her Strivings now began to appear to her as a vain thing. She had a House, and every-

thing in it that was needful—a State-room, fine Clothes, a prospect for the future that could not fail her, Honour—as much as she could wish,—but all *too late*, all not so much in *unison* as her young brain had settled it; for this, in her opinion, was what every human being should strive after as the chief business of Life! Possession is dead, Striving is alive; and therefore Striving and Longing must be sufficient. To attain, is to pour Oil on the Sea of our Wishes: *to attain too late*, is pouring Gall instead of Oil.

In these latter Days *Melancthon* had come to *Nürnberg*: he was as it were *Luther's* Secretary of State, and brought everything into a world-enduring valid Form, uniting the new Grafts to the well-cropped Trees with an Artist's Hand, so that the sap of the old Trunk might produce new and noble Fruit. *Albert* adhered to the Old Light which had arisen again in the New Time. He was accustomed to think as an Artist, to go back to the Source of Things, and from

their formation, to the Mind which formed them ; accustomed, when possible, to imprint his Thoughts more beautifully and truly. These he then applied to the operations of the Mind of Man, and soon all was Light and Purity within. Now these men had excluded *marriage* from the Sacraments—*Albert* praised the new Creed in general ; and thus it appeared to *Agnes* that he adhered to it—in order that *divorce* might be open to him. She shuddered at the sight of *Melancthon* wherever she met him, and the difference of their Faith at last estranged *Agnes* and *Albert*. She now believed that they would inhabit different Heavens, that they had been made by two different Gods, and as her Mind was withdrawn from him, so was also her Life—and Marriage is preëminently a Union of Lives ! Oftentimes she lamented that he would be lost in Time and in Eternity, at which he smiled.* But when he wished

* The honest evangelical Painter (for such alone are

to adduce proofs to her, then she said : Get thee behind me, Satan !

These Words stung him so deeply, after all the Grief he had endured, and all the kind intentions of his Heart, that he resolved actually to go away from her, only not like him to whom she had compared him, but magnanimously, yea prodigally. Love likes to boast great things, likes to play the Queen, to appear rich, all-sacrificing, divinely-joyful—and yet weeps quite humanly. And this justly. Love is sufficient to itself: what it gives, it receives again a thousand-fold as if from God; what it must do without, it enjoys a thousand-fold, by having a dreamy,

the genuine, the enduring, whose Works never become Chimeras of the Brain) certainly acknowledged the sincerity of his Wife, who would willingly have known him happy here and hereafter; and he respected the uneasiness she had endured for Years, and which he had endeavoured to dissipate by loving Persuasion and by Reason; but Reason finds difficult access to those who are at enmity, and almost more difficult still to those who love!—*W. P.*

soulful, sympathetic perception of the Enjoyment of the beloved object. Rare Power! Miracle of Nature—so natural to him who bears it in his Heart! The World is worth nothing to him who has this Power; but he who has it not, cannot attain it if he would give the whole World for it—not for his own Existence;—or rather, he does not believe that he could purchase it therewith, because he dare not venture to throw his Existence away for such unwonted Gain. Yet let it be understood: *Albert* left everything to his beloved *Agnes*; he counted the Gold—there were six thousand Florins; he looked over the Engravings, the Pictures—he left them to her. But he left to her also, a more precious than all—namely, herself; and, in her, his Existence, his Mind, his Love, which he regarded as nothing, just because she regarded them as nothing.

This Feeling made him so desponding, that he now also deemed as nothing *that* to which he had devoted his Life, and executed

with so much love—his Art and his Works. Nay he even wished to go back to *Hungary*, to the little Village of *Eytas* from whence his Grandfather, *Anton Dürer*, had wandered to *Nürnberg* as a poor Goldsmith;—there he would no more be heard of,—again fostering the Vine, planting Trees, cutting Branches, gleaning Grapes, as his Fathers, very worthy people, had done—also without a Name to leave behind. But—his habit of Industry did not permit him this even in his waking Dreams. Peace was all he now desired—Peace—Peace for his last best Works, which he had carried about with him through Life! These must yet be completed! They would yet bring many gold Pieces to *Agnes*! For it never entered his thoughts to *divorce* her;—she would be happy when he was not with her—that he both wished and thought. For even if the new Doctrine had permitted it, still he was so accustomed to his old Faith that he perceived it was only they who adopted the new as Children, who

would one day put it into Practice in the affairs of Life ;—not this Generation. The only scriptural Ground for Divorce was also awanting to him ; for into the subtleties contained in the question as to the multifarious ways in which Marriage may be broken, his Heart did not enter, although they had often exercised his Thoughts.

And so he parted for a time from his *Agnes*.

It was a Saturday ; the day on which he always heretofore gave thanks to God for the often wondrously accomplished week. If he was not moved to this by the Current of the World, *then*, at his Evening Prayer, he was certain to be so. This reverential feeling on the Saturday arose perhaps secretly from the knowledge that it was the true ancient Sunday. Therefore he chose this day for his Departure ; for he certainly meant to do a good Deed. He was ready dressed, and had nothing in his pocket but a few Stivers for his Journey. *Agnes* yet slept.

He approached her Bed. He admired the Wife, who might have made him so happy. Ah! and she herself appeared to be so miserable with him, and through him, that he wept for the first time almost aloud. He kissed her bare Arm which was lying on the Coverlet. She half opened her Eyes.

—I am going! whispered he.

God be with you! said she, as if in a Dream.

—I will come again! said he.

But say that, I pray thee, to one of thy Friends also! said she.

I will! said he.

So then he took his Departure.* It was early Spring. The Morning Sun smiled on him as he left the House. He smiled in return, when he looked at the double Eagle over the Gate. But when he had gone through the Streets in the still Morning, and had got

* Just sixty Years after this, *W. Shakespear* left his Wife and Children.—*I, the Editor.*

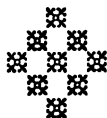
out as far as Master *Sebald's* the Wheelmaker, who dwelt near the *Sonnenbade*, and who prepared his wooden Blocks for him; and when the Geese on the young grass hissed at him, and he saw the little bright yellow Goslings feeding in the Morning Dew, then he leant on the Hedge of the little Garden; and when by degrees he roused himself from his Reverie, he heard from within the House Master *Sebald* recounting to his Wife and Children and Comrades at breakfast a new Jest, which Master *Hanns Sachs** had circulated among the people for the first time the Night before. The Wife and Children laughed! that was a Dagger to his Heart. Ah! there was Joy in this House, as well as in that of Master *Sachs*! He took Courage, however, entered and bespoke new blocks from Master *Sebald* to be ready when he should *return* from *Flanders*. And the Husband stood reverentially before him, his Cap in his hand; the

* A shoemaker and poet in *Nürnberg*.—*Translator*.

Wife kept her bare arms folded in her Apron, out of respect for him ; and the Children, as if almost afraid of him, stood clinging to her. He smiled—for he knew better ! The Geese hissed at him again as he went forth, but he smiled—for he knew better !


As the young Branches of the Vine with their green Tendrils often attain no Object around which to entwine themselves, and so bend back ; thus many of *Albert's* Feelings had not reached *Agnes* : as however in Autumn the Vine-dresser breaks off also the firmly fixed and now dried up Tendrils of the Branch, so he intended to tear himself loose. *His separation had already lasted so long !* But it was only after many Years and with Pain, that his Thoughts and Feelings could be severed from her. For that which appears visibly in the World as a Work, or as a Deed, must all—long, long before—have existed and been ripening ; and what in like manner the World sees of Undertakings are all Fruits which have fallen from the Tree of Life :—

for the rest, the World perceives nothing but Leaves, and hears the rustling thereof! Things bloom concealed—covered over, like the Fig, with its own leaf. Thus the Past comes to maturity only in the Present, and in the Present is sown the Seed of the Future. We often lose our Health for Years on account of a thousand little Errors; we die in consequence of living. Sickness is an exertion of Nature to heal us, to restore to its natural Proportion all that has been endured or done amiss, and to allow us to expiate it by Suffering, in order that we may become wise for the Years that yet remain to us.





Peace in Life.

LBERT purposed extending his Wanderings so far as to secure himself, and his poor self-torturing *Agnes*, against a sudden Return, the desire for which seized him every evening. He had in truth no longer been able to endure the sight of her self-torture; for what manly Mind, not burdened by the weight of a Crime against Heaven, would allow itself seriously to be bowed down by a Woman! Women, indeed, never wish so to bow down a Man; only they do not always understand how to limit their desires, or on the other hand to forget

them. Alas! and Life demands so much from us, so much Endurance and Sacrifice! The worst of Life is, that we all live on this Earth *for the first time*. Everything is new; no one gets accustomed to the perpetual Surprises—at best only accustomed to be surprised. Even the *old*, the daily-recurring, finds us every day *new* and changed in Age, in Mind, in Likes and Dislikes, so that it often operates more strangely, more peculiarly than the new, to whose impressions we yet hesitate to resign ourselves. And thus to know how to live requires perpetual Genius—for Life is the highest of all Arts. Only no one believes this, because he fancies he knows how to live, as every one fancies he knows how to love, when he looks deep into the Eye of a beautiful Maiden. Alas! Love also is an Art—but it consists not in Raptures and Enthusiasm; it is not to wander in the Moonlight, to listen to the Song of the Nightingale, to kneel before the Beloved, to languish and pine

for her Kiss! No; *this* is the Art of Love : —to preserve its Fire, its godly Treasure; to carry about its Riches through Life as if in pure Gold; to spend it for him alone to whom the Heart is devoted; to be always ready to sympathize, to smile, to weep, to assist, to counsel, to alleviate; in short, to live with the Beloved as he lives, and thus, by virtue of an indwelling Heavenly Power, to preserve invariably a Heavenward direction. And this Art is the highest, the tenderest Love. He who possesses it knows what Love is. The greater part of Men can sacrifice Hours and Days and Wealth; but to bear and to suffer patiently for Years, never to consider one's own Life and Wellbeing, to pine away gradually, to suffer Death in the Heart, and yet to hasten to the Arms of the Beloved as soon as they are again opened to us, and then to be happy, yea blest, as if nothing had been amiss, as if no time had elapsed between that moment and the first embrace, — all

this Love can do. It now appeared to *Albert* that he and *Agnes* had only been fettered by some inconceivable Power. This conviction gave him Courage. He arrived at it now for the first time—alas! almost too late for *this* Life, and therefore he wished there had been a Life for Man *before* this, in order that he might again live peacefully, wisely, and happily; since everything in the World and in the human Heart springs from Love—and no Man has thus any cause truly to grieve. For a noble Heart cares for nothing else than to be worthy of the Love of those whom he loves—and also worthy in general; and no one can tell him this so well as his own Heart, judging even from a thousand Actions. Thus *Albert* saw that even he ought now to be satisfied! and concluding, by his own Feelings, how his *Agnes* also must feel in her Heart, he attained to the Knowledge, that everything is ordered by Love, and that we must improve the divinely-granted Time, by bestowing it one

on another. This *Albert* now intended honestly to do towards *Agnes* ! *

It was during his Wanderings that he felt these Convictions in all their force.

He went to visit *Lucas* of *Leyden*. Even the Name of the Town attracted him thither. † During his first sojourn in *Holland*, he had formed an intimate Friendship with *Lucas*, and now, separated from his Wife, he both needed and recognised a Friend. And he found one in him. Oh ! ever kind World ! thou hast Riches ready prepared for him who rejoices, as well as for him who mourns ! How unhappy soever any one may be, Nature is always true to him !

He had thought it would be with him as



* Thou upright Soul ! how much thou hast reflected, and how much Cause hast thou had for Reflection ! And thou wert now repenting instead of her ! And Repentance—even that which is felt for others—leads to *Acknowledgment*. Thy Kernel remained sweet.—*W. P.*

† Leiden—Suffering.—*Translator*.

with a shipwrecked Mariner, who, after having been long tossed about on the cold Waves till he is benumbed, finds himself at last washed ashore on the flowery Bank of a lonely Island. But he now felt as if he had been washed by the Waves from the Shore out into the cold Sea! Nothing was awaiting; everything was arranged for him in a comfortable and friendly manner. Clean Linen lay every Morning spread out on his chair; his Clothes were brushed and free from every Speck of Dust; he rose, and went to sleep, whenever he liked; he looked at the People out of the Window; he went wherever he pleased. Oppressive Freedom! To everything he was indifferent, all within him was so still and so monotonous! What was there here for him to love? To whom had he here every hour something to forgive? Who was there here to make him sorry? He felt the sweet Power of Custom even in what is most bitter! He felt that Words are nothing, however mild and reverential

they may sound, if the Soul of Love does not glow and breathe upon us through them. And in *Agnes's* Words—which he now missed in his solitary condition—there was the Soul of a faithful Love, which was never weary in busying itself with him, in being angry at herself and at him, during the whole course of an irritable Existence! Ah! it was impossible for an indifferent Heart so to do—for it has neither the Will nor the Power to injure! And he loved her—therefore he could not be injured by her! And thus the feeling of *his* Love to her was quite enough for him, and Life without *her* difficult, much more difficult to bear! Ah! we love perhaps a lively Child, and think it impossible that our Love for it can increase! But it becomes sick—and we then know, for the first time, how much more intensely and also painfully we can love it! Then do new and more delicate Tendrils unfold themselves as it were in our Hearts, with which we encompass it as Ivy does a half-fallen Statue. And if *Agnes's*

Love for him was of the most extraordinary kind, still she loved him for all that! That was the chief point. Her Love was like the warm Sunbeam, shining in the Window of a Dome through a fiery-red Ruby Glass, which, corroded by damp, reflects with its own also the varied hues of the Rainbow. And—Caprice is never without a Cause, and may not that cause be Disease? And does not Disease call for pity? Alas! this, then, was what he could no longer endure? And was that just? It is the greatest, the most injurious Wrong, not to believe in Nature.

Here, far away from her, he had intended to work—at so many things, and so busily! But his Thoughts were far away with her—banished to her! Yet when he was with her, when she was wandering around him, then they could rove in the distance, could dwell where Thoughts and Images appear as in a Heavenly Dome full of Music and Incense, from which the Artist steals them as it were

for the Earth. Here, dwelling in *Leyden*, his Sadness increased; he felt he could not be so happy anywhere as near his Wife; yea, that it was only when he was with her that he was truly happy. There are Conditions in which the Endurable, the Imperfect is the best possible for us; and the Human Race is continually subjected to such a Condition. Do we desire a better or happier Fate? God forbid! Everything that is *ours* is the best for us; for we choose perhaps our own Lot; but what we have chosen keeps us enclosed as in Walls of Steel all our lives—and for as much better as the Untried appears to us, still we can never attain to it, nor yet appropriate it, because we ourselves are already become Property. Let us therefore endure! let us be faithful!

He was now in a condition to perceive wherein he also had erred! And Man never attains Tranquillity, as long as he believes that he is right in all his Thoughts and Actions towards all the World! But as soon

as he begins to doubt, as soon as he once admits the pre-supposition that he may have gone astray—that he must take himself to task—then come Reconciliation with the World, Contentment and Peace, and with recognition of the Truth, and acknowledgment of his own Error, come also at last by degrees Satisfaction and Happiness to his Heart, which always speaks Truth to the Upright.

Lucas celebrated *Albert's* Birth-day, the day of *St. Prudentius*, which his *Agnes* had so often taunted him with, when he spoke prudently.* Masters assembled from all quarters, but from tender consideration for him they had left their Wives at home.—
Bitter!

It is always most agreeable for us Men,

* The 6th of April. St. Prudentius was by birth a Spaniard, and fled from the swords of the infidels into France, where in 840 or 845 he was chosen Bishop of Troyes. He was one of the most learned prelates of the Gallican church. His writings are extant in the "*Bibliotheca Patrum.*"—*Translator.*

said Master *Peter Gutschaaf*, the Illuminist, when we are quite among ourselves, and also for the Women when they are quite among themselves! We are certainly of two different Natures, and in this way each has undisturbed and pleasant intercourse with those of *his own* Nature. These words furnished Materials for a Conversation at Table on Women, which was conducted however with cautious consideration.

Lucas had ordered two Bottles of *lachrymæ Christi* in honour of *Albert*. These he did not disdain to taste, and he had his own wonderful Thoughts thereby. For these Tears cleared away the Clouds from his Eyes!—they placed him in Spirit in times long bypast. He thought on the happy days that were gone,—and behold! there sat his Wife, weeping in *Nürnberg*, weeping on his account, weeping for him! Then he flew swift as an Eagle back to his own Days, to the Present,—and there he was in *Leyden*, sitting at Table opposite Master *Peter Gut-*

schaaf, whose rosy Daughter sat beside him, always hanging tenderly on the Eye of her Father. He saw in her his little Daughter *Agnes* now grown up, and he sighed, and the Daughter, the good little Lamb, looked at him and sighed also. For he knew well how much *Peter Gutschaaf* had had to endure at Home from his Wife,—and yet *Gutschaaf* was so very cheerful!—that was his Daughter's doing. She was like the Oil between the Door and the Hinge, the mild L between harsh-sounding Consonants! She did not intend to marry, because she thought it her duty first of all to shew her Love and Gratitude towards her Father, before she loved any one else; and her Father assented to this. *Albert* pictured to himself his *Agnes* just as tall and as beautiful, and that she would have been as kind, and that her Father would have been as fond of her. Ah!—and then he called Death the bitterest Grief, and his Tears ran into the Glass among the Tears of *Christ*—and he could not drink.

Drink, I pray thee, dear Master ! said sly Master *Dietrich*, the Glass Painter ; drink ! The Wine which the Man drinks, restrains the Wife ; and the Wine which the Wife drinks, dishonours the Man. Just listen for a moment to what is going on across the street ! There dwells a Straw Widow, so called because her Husband has forsaken her ; and who, in other respects of a Christian and harmless disposition, wilfully draws upon herself many suspicions, in order to retaliate on him ; and is just now celebrating a jovial Banquet. I venture to say, that when he comes home she will make herself out to be in the right !

Oh ! said *Bernard of Orley*, the Princess *Margaret's* Painter, Women may be in the Wrong so prettily and sweetly, that one is doubly fond of them in spite of it—and they may be in the Right in such a bitter manner, that one curses even the sacred Truth and them at the same time.

Dear Children, interrupted Master *Eras-*

mus Desiderius of *Rotterdam*, one of the Guests, who was on his journey to *Basle*, I must read you a Lecture after a fashion of my own, and shew you how foolish you are. Men think all their troubles come from Women, because it is through them without doubt that they attack them! We must remember that there are a thousand disagreeables in Life; and if we have Wives, then of course all sorts of Cares must be encountered in Marriage; and every one must receive a tinge from it, as white Wine becomes red in a red cask. We are apt not to observe this sufficiently. A Wife cannot do us any harm, and as certainly as they are dear Creatures—so true is it that they will do us none. Yet there must be Cares!—And then, declaiming as if he had been still a Lecturer* in Oxford, he supported his position by the following Verses :

* The renowned Erasmus of Rotterdam spent some time both at Oxford and Cambridge, in which latter

Care dost thou despise? It is the secret
Confidential Link 'tween us and Nature;
Confirmed by it the holy Union is.
The Husband Care endureth for his Wife,
She in her turn for him: th' anxious Mother
For her Child—the Child for her again.
Each mortal Man hath care. The Poor, that he
His frugal morsel may obtain: the Rich,
To keep the Wealth he has. For Nature
Hath the Heavenly Father endless Care;
For Rich and Poor, and Nature's Cares besides.
Care is Love to the Earth! He who without it lives,
Ah! knows he aught of Life? knows and feels he thee,
Thou ever sacred, ever bounteous Nature?

Master *Dietrich* did not wish to make any subtle distinction between Care and Sorrow and all relating thereto, but Master *Desiderius*, whose Symbol was "*nemini cedo*," (I yield to no one), refuted him by saying: There is Care in loving, Care in being beloved, in living and in acting; there is nothing

University he gave lectures on Greek literature, and held the Margaret professorship of Divinity, procured for him by Bishop Fisher. He was the friend of the illustrious More.—*Translator.*

but Care among reasonable beings; and because God has intended it so to be, I suppose there must be unreasonable beings—I know not where or from whence, but somewhere in the World, at *Brussels* or at *Leyden*, wherever they may now be sitting! With reasonable people nothing leads to Sorrow and Unhappiness; for the opposing Power of a courageous Mind scarcely allows Care to spring from the knowledge and experience of the World. Look now at our dear cheerful *Peter Gutschaaf*! He does credit, yea even honour to his Name!* He has only Care, and not even that; for what he has at any time to experience of Life, to which the Wife belongs above all things, comes to him through the dear voice of his Daughter, and penetrates to his Heart warmly and refreshingly! This is as it ought to be, and so may it always continue, dear *Peter Gutschaaf*; you are a true Man!

* *Gutschaaf*—good or patient sheep.—*Translator.*

He held out his Hand across the Table to Master *Gutschaaf*, and his Daughter also laid her little Hand therein, which seemed to have an agreeable effect on the suffering, self-denying, unmarried old Man, for he held her Hand a long time, and seemed lost in Thought.

But he could not resist playing the Wag once again.

For Master *Gutschaaf*, moved by the touching scene, poured out the whole of his sad Heart in these Words: Yes, I cannot help saying that he alone can be happy who has a Wife and Children! Others cannot so much as be unhappy—not at least in a real, human, heart-rending manner!

I certainly know nothing about such unhappiness, said Master *Desiderius*. As for me, I commend all Wives!

And *Bernard of Orley* whispered audibly in the ear of Master *Dietrich*:—because his Mother was none!

To this *Desiderius* rejoined: My Father

never married, and you know from the Scriptures that in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in Marriage. Now I put it to you all, my dear Sirs and Masters, who ought to know best, whether it is not just on this account that it is called Heaven?

You know how to make for yourself a Heaven upon Earth ! said *Dietrich*.

And you in like manner a Hell ! rejoined *Desiderius*.

Master *Gutschaaf* laughed till the Tears ran down his old pale cheeks.

Dost thou not think, my little *Susan*, said he, that it would have been a very bad affair for thee if I had not married ?

Very bad ! said she assenting, and smiled abstractedly.

And still worse for me ! said *Gutschaaf*.

Still worse ! said the dear Child.

But now all is well ! said he.

Oh ! so well ! replied she softly.

And the old Man wept for Joy.

Long Life to you, Master *Gutschaaf* !—to

you, and all your Relations, near and distant!

The whole Family of *Gutschaaf*, long may they live! exclaimed *Desiderius*.

Long may they live! exclaimed all.

Albert had poured out a Glass of *lachrymæ Christi* for every one to drink this Toast. But his Neighbour Master *Desiderius* strangely but smilingly refused these Tears, saying at the same time: I have no Wife, good Master *Albert*. Rhine-wine is to me—the only Wine!

The edge was taken from the severe Words of *Desiderius*, so that they cut not the Heart of *Albert*, by the conduct of the good little Lamb, who drank to her Father's health along with the others—and whispered across the table to *Albert*: I drink to my Mother also! He then with Tears in his Eyes drank to the health of the Mother of his Daughter.

The company then broke up, and the good Masters departed, according as each was pressed by domestic disquietude, at nine, ten,

or eleven o'clock. *Peter Gutschaaf* remained the longest. Such an Honour had never before been conferred on him, who was a mere Illuminist. His little Daughter wrapped him in his fur Great-coat, observed a Wine-stain on his Lace-collar, patted him on the cheek, kissed him and said very softly: Do not allow the Stain to spoil your Pleasure! To-morrow morning, before my Mother is up, it will be all washed out and plaited up again. Thereupon she lighted the Lantern, took leave, pressed *Albert's* Hand, who with irresistible Sadness drew the dear Child towards him, took her in his arms, pressed her to his Heart, and kissed her on the Forehead. Her Father thanked him for the great Honour.

Albert went sorrowfully to his Chamber. He threw himself on his Bed without undressing; the Lamp burned dimly, while he lay looking before him, his Fancy floating in half-waking Dreams. A Gust of the damp dewy Wind then struck upon the Window;

he felt much oppressed; and although he had not seen the door open, yet there stood his Wife before him in the middle of the Room!

Agnes! art thou here? exclaimed he, filled with astonishment. He gazed at her. She was so young, so fresh; only pale, quite different from Mortals! The boundaries of human Existence disappeared before him—he thought the form was that of his Daughter, whom the Earth so long before had snatched away from him, now so perfect and so gloriously grown up in the Gardens of Paradise! And why should it not be so? But how was she then here? Yet she was there! That was the most blessed moment of his Life! his Heart overflowed with Rapture! He listened, expecting she would speak to him—would supplicate him to return to her Mother! For it was for this she appeared to be come!—But ah! it was not his Daughter, for she would have smiled on him; and this *Agnes* would

angrily at him ! gloomily and reproachfully ! And yet big Tears stood in her Eyes. She seemed to wish to approach him, she spread out her arms longingly towards him, but when he hastened to meet her, she pushed him away from her and fled. He wished to detain her, and caught her long flowing Hair in his hand ; he held her fast ; she bent back her Head yieldingly, as if to save herself from Pain. It then occurred to him that he might be dreaming ; at the same time she uttered a loud Cry ; he let go his hold, and his Wife had disappeared ; the room was in darkness ; there was scarcely Starlight to be seen without, and the damp Wind swept past the Windows.

He now perceived how deeply his Wife lived in his Soul. It did him good to conclude from this Vision that his *Agnes* perhaps felt an inward longing for him ! He hesitated now daily between staying and going. He waited however the answer to a Letter he had written to *Pirkheimer*, in which he had recounted the above occurrence.

The Answer arrived. *Pirkheimer* wrote that *Agnes* expected him of herself on *St. John's Day*;* only she was very angry that he had held her so fast, and shewed him some loose Hair, which she had propably torn out herself that Night in her anguish.† Moreover *Clara* had returned Home, the Convent having been shut up; *Agnes* had renewed her youthful Friendship with her, and seemed relieved by speaking to her of *Albert*. As a Motto to the Letter, were these words of *St. Chrysostom*: "It is easier to rule a Nation, than a Soul."

Having now come to the resolution of

* The 24th of June, the day of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. It is also called Midsummer Day.—*Translator*.

† I do not recollect whether I had not previously recounted to her something of what *Albert* had written about the way in which he had held her in his Dream. I was very angry when I reproached her with her conduct, and had in consequence an attack of my old enemy the Gout.—*W. P.*

returning Home and living out the Life appointed him by God, *Albert* was a new Man. He also thought, especially now, that he had committed no Injustice by his Separation. The little word "and" was his Comfort:— He who separates from his Wife, *and* marries another, he alone does wrong. There is no one who leaves House, or Parents, or Brothers, or Wife, or Children, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, who does not receive four-fold again in this Life, and in the World to come Life everlasting. But the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, said he in parting from her, is *peace* and *joy*. And Peace he wished to leave with her, without thinking of Joy for himself. But that was now impossible. He scarcely stopped to refresh himself on the long Journey home to *Agnes*, for he could not overcome his Heart's Sickness, like one who forgets, plays, or sleeps away his childish Illnesses.

It was, then, on the Evening of *St. John's* Day that *Albert* arrived at the fruitful Fields

near *Nürnberg*. The setting Sun shone upon the Citadel and Towers of the City so warmly, so familiarly! Ah! there is only one beautiful Sun for every one, and it is that which rises and sets on his native City! In other Lands it is only a cold Mock-sun, a wandering Star, the delusive Vision of the Home-Sun, which follows us like a Ghost.

Albert intended to wait for the Twilight. His Thoughts swarmed forth, like Bees out of a Hive, when borne home from a strange Pasturage; they hovered around Flowers, blooming Linden-Trees, and golden Clouds, and his Soul began to muse, as in the first bright season of Youth. He ascended a Hill close by, from which he had a View of the Road. The Lindens towered aloft; the well-known Stone-bench was concealed by the waving Corn, in which the note of the Quail was heard. He now advanced. His Heart beat; he saw two Females sitting, one leaning to the right and the other to the left. He approached softly—they slept! The one

in the golden Hood and the blue Dress was —his *Agnes*! The other, in the simple white Dress and Veil, on which shone the rosy lustre of the setting Sun —was *Clara*!

Both had come out to meet him. *Agnes* wished perhaps, by the presence of the other, to moderate *Albert's* Tears, or her own Words, and to shew him at the same time that she was reconciled, that she was tolerant, that she would endure and love, what he did not hate!

He stood, and gazed upon them both in silence. What a Sight! What Thoughts!

They did not awake, nor did he wish to wake them. He sat down at last between them, looked and mused, and, wearied as he was, he also fell into a Slumber.

When he awoke, he perceived that his Head was resting gently on *Clara's* Shoulder —for the golden Hood to the left was gone. *Agnes* had waked first; she had seen him then in that position, in which he had found himself, resting—on her Friend, not on her

—she had thought—Ah! she was gone! The saffron haze of Evening was now broad and faint on the Horizon—therefore she must have been long gone—Poor Soul! said he aloud!

Clara awoke. Poor Soul? asked she, rising; was it not *Albert's* voice that spoke thus?—He took her Hand. She missed *Agnes*, then held her Hand before her Eyes, and again leaning back, said for the second time with a low voice: Poor Soul! And yet this also is a holy Evening, for here is an Angel! thought he, looking up thankfully towards Heaven. *Albert's* House was closed. They now went silently wandering side by side towards the City. *Clara* did not raise her Eyes. He accompanied her home to *Pirkheimer's* House; the door was opened, and she entered in silence. For the poor Soul could not say Good-night to him *now*; the words died upon her lips. But the old sad Smile was again seen upon his Countenance.

He then returned to his own House, and looked for a time at some Children, who were catching Glow-worms. The door then opened. *Susanna*, who did not observe him sitting on the seat, went past to draw water. He then stole away to his own room, and went quietly to bed with an Evening Hymn on his lips.

Art thou still asleep? said *Agnes* to him in the Morning on entering. She sat down near him on the bed, and held his hand, Indifference in her Features, but he felt that in reality her agitation was extreme. Breakfast is ready, she then said to him, with a faint smile. She contemplated her pale, emaciated Husband—then was heard the sound of the Death-worm picking in the wood of the bed; she became deadly pale, put her hand on her Heart, and scarcely breathed—the Worm went on picking. She then gravely arose, and went from him with an averted Countenance.

He now sat by her, as if nothing had hap-

pened. Everything was as of old, Mind and Heart, Joy and Sorrow. Only she had become more silent, as if speaking had formerly annoyed him. It certainly was a distinguishing feature in her Character, that she said everything that others, more considerate, think, but do not express : for Woman is Woman.

But he saw, notwithstanding—that she wished to improve, and that was a satisfaction to him. She had taken *Susanna's* Daughter, who was now grown up, into the House, and they all again ate at the same Table. She now begged his Friends to come often, very often, to see him ! In doing so, she cast her Eyes on the ground, and kept turning round the golden Wedding Ring. She exchanged with him the bed that had the Messenger of Death in it, and now slept therein herself. All this was much ! But Habit was more ! She still took everything her Husband said to her as a Command, and though within her rebellious Heart there was a powerful struggle,

still for all that it was quietly done after the lapse of some days. It is true that *Agnes* had rated herself very highly; but who can blame a fallible being for this? For he is to be despised who, as a human Creature, does not consider himself as worthy of Estimation as any one in the World. Her Beauty had heightened still more this estimate of herself—and yet *Agnes* had not rated her own value *highly enough!* and the injured Dignity of Love had never allowed her clearly to perceive how much Happiness she might have imparted. She passed her Life under a continual sense of Injury, while the recognition of her Husband's Worth and Love might perhaps have extorted from her—first Obedience, and then *Reverence*.

But her Thoughts were penetrated by one who had penetrated and turned those of many others besides, and animated them to newness of Life by the clearness and vigour of his Intellect. This was *Melancthon*. He came to *Nürnberg* in the following May, to preside at

the opening of the Gymnasium of *St. Egidius*. The Silver Marriage of *Agnes's* Sister took place also about the same time.* They all assembled at Church to receive the Blessing for the Golden Marriage. *Melancthon* stood before the Altar, *Agnes* and *Albert* next to the Pair. *Pirkheimer* had perhaps thought that the Wives, listening in silence, would receive a word of Warning from another, from a Stranger who spoke without design; that a Hint is often sufficient to change their whole manner of Life, leading them thereby to look within, and in the Word spoken to see themselves, clear as in a Glass. And all this without any exposure to the World. He might therefore perhaps, as the Friend of both Husbands, have given a hint to the

* Allusion is here made to a custom which prevails in Germany of having a grand celebration when a couple have been married twenty-five years, and this is called "The Silver Marriage." Another takes place when they have been fifty years married, and it is called "The Golden Marriage."—*Translator*.

Orator who had consented to preside, to scatter Seed which, besides growing up now, would certainly bring forth good Fruits in this City for Centuries. For *Melancthon*, without looking at *Agnes*, said to the assembly of Men and Wives and young Women, among other things, the following:— There is certainly nothing more unnatural than a disobedient Wife. Slaves cannot obey, for they are not free; neither do Children understand how to obey, for Obedience is the Key-stone of all Cultivation and Freedom, and the Fruit of Love and Reason at the same time.

Where Obedience is awanting, Freedom fails also, from being an oppression to itself; Love too fails, or Reason, if not both. But every one must be subject to the Law which is given him. The Husband and Wife may certainly hold converse together as to equal Virtue and Honour, regarding their rank as Citizens and human Beings, and of equal Protection of their particular Rights,—but

not of *equal rights*! because the Duties and Obligations of the Husband, his position with regard to the World and his native Land, are incomparably higher. Only those who are equal in reality have equal Rights before God and Man. Even equal Science and Art and Cultivation do not give a right to Disobedience on the part of the Wife; much less Beauty, a white Skin, or bright Gold. For the Man and the House—and the Wife herself—cannot subsist, if she does not, from Love and sacred Respect to the ancient and divine Duty of her Sex, cheerfully make the Will of her Husband her own. And let us consider! As the Man, in his earlier Years, was often subject to many restraints, so was the Wife in like manner, before she entered his House. She must learn what is taught her; she cannot choose for herself her Station, her Fortune, her Occupations, nor even her Husband—for the delicacy of the feminine nature will in no age admit of this. She enters a Town with

him, she enters the House in which he dwells, she undertakes to superintend the circle of domestic affairs, into which he has led her, and in which she must lead. She becomes thereby truly his Wife. She must take little Strangers to her Heart, foster them, and also love them—without having been able to choose them. And nothing of all this seems strange to her, for it is done in Obedience to sacred Nature, and thus blest by God. It seems quite unnatural to her to consider when and where she should be obedient to her Husband. He only silently desires it from the same Law of Nature; and if this universal Mother has as it were commanded Obedience on the part of the Wife by her Love towards her Husband, she has also lightened it, yea made it sweet and animating; for the loving Wife scarcely knows that she obeys; she does all for her Husband, before he even asks. It is only the cold, insipid, capricious, ungrateful, who *feel* the Fetters, because they are with-

out Affection. A continually increasing Disobedience is but the decrease of the power of Love, and the decline of Amiability, and firmness of Character—and this also on the part of the Husband. A Woman then loses her respect for a Man, because she sees in him no unselfish Protector; for it is not the outward *form* of a Man which calls for Love and Respect—but the Nobility of the Soul, which alone can live, and inspire Confidence, as being in its nature lasting. He, however, who loves his Wife, allows her to rule and reign in her own department, because she is a Woman and his Wife, and when prudent and wise, understands all these things better than he. What concerns himself, however, as the acting and reasoning Spirit of the House, that he has a Right to claim, if it be not done from free Will; that is to say, from Reason. For he is Lord of the House, and the Father of the Children, the support of his Wife, her stay in Life, yea even after his Death; as the Sun that has just gone down

sheds its influence on the Rainbow, which with its lovely and varied Colours hovers yet a while in Clouds over the teeming Earth; till becoming ever dimmer and fainter, it at last by degrees expires from beneath, but still beautiful and discernible even to the last faint trace of its Arch! But by Disobedience his little Kingdom is dissolved; yea Cities and States secretly decline, where the Man is not the Head of the House. For from Disobedience arises Opposition, and from Opposition Strife; and where Strife is, there Law and Happiness go to wreck. But where the Wife is properly trained and accustomed to Obedience, then the Man rules mildly, only asking and counselling, being satisfied with the Knowledge of his Power. By ruling, however, he himself learns to be subject, and submits to it willingly; for he who does not find Obedience, where he should command it, relaxes again in his turn his obligations towards mankind in general. Therefore herein also is the Wife the Guardian-spirit of her

Husband, when the love with which her Heart is imbued impels her to Subjection, because indeed it would be a shame for her to command, to rule! And even Obedience is scarcely so useful, as Disobedience is injurious, by the Self-will and Confidence in her own Wisdom which it displays. Obedience argues no want of Wisdom or title to Respect. No: this primitive Bond, which is the Glory and Security of Woman, can in no Age be dissolved, founded as it is on the Softness of her Nature, and calculated to produce the purest Happiness. Foolish Fear! through Obedience to sink down to the condition of a Servant! It was by Obedience that *Mary* became the Blessed among Women. May Happiness and Prosperity, then, be the lot of the obedient! of her who places implicit trust in the Will of another, whom she loves, whom she thereby makes happy, who meets her half-way, who knows not how to thank her sufficiently for all the Love and Kindness she is always so liberally bestowing on him!

How insensible must be the Heart of that Woman who is not satisfied with such a Reward!

Albert's Silver Marriage, which had taken place seven Years before, had not been celebrated; no one came to wish him joy of it! The Day was spent in sorrowful Thoughts. He now observed, that when *Melancthon* pronounced anew the Benediction on the Couple, *Agnes*, who during the address had been dissolved in Tears, secretly clung to the dress of her Sister, that she might receive the Blessing along with her. As on the Day of her Marriage, one of her Cheeks was pale, the other in a glow. That she however should consider the Blessing of *this* Man efficacious, was to *Albert* a Sign that she had returned to the old simple Faith, perhaps for his sake, knowing that he was attached to it. That moved him to his Heart's Core, and he also touched the Clothing of the old Bridegroom!

Returned Home again, *Agnes* wept, and that openly!

Albert's Strength was gone, he felt that it was so. And alas! the Fear of his Death now scared away *Agnes* from him again! When he began gently to speak of it, and to tell her which of his Pictures he considered the best; for which—after he was gone—she should expect the highest Price; how she might be able to arrange this or that in the best manner possible for herself alone—then she was dumb and motionless as a Marble Statue, and he spent many sorrowful Days, till the Gloom that overspread her Existence passed away, and thereby Peace was restored to him again. *Formerly* he had to endure Grief on account of her Temper and Conduct, till he could bear it no longer, and at last sunk under it by degrees: *now* she saw him borne down through her, and had to bear *his sorrow* on her account, and her own fresh Sorrow for him! This only doubled his Pain, and could not now be redeemed.

She silently did everything to please him, to comfort him, to cheer him for the Moments yet to come—but to recompense him for what? for many long Years of Sorrow! She now wished *suddenly* to make up to him for all, to impart Joy to him—but for what? for his Death. He was now therefore obliged to avoid being cheerful, and the poor Soul, alas! ceased in consequence in the end, either to try to enliven him, or to be cheerful herself—or even to appear so. And thus they both sunk into Silence and patient Endurance. They only smiled upon each other. This was certainly the extreme of Wretchedness, which no one on Earth seemed to be able to relieve or remove—and yet it was at length removed, and his long oppressed Heart found—*Peace in Life*.

For, softened by the quiet kindliness of feeling which had lately possessed her, *Agnes* now disclosed her real Feelings, but only gradually, at intervals of Days and in broken Sentences.

She had been playing one day in the garden with her little Brother *Johannes*;—he had put a small polished stone into his mouth; finding afterwards a Bird's Nest, and holding in his breath for joy, he had choked on the Stone; his Face became red, he sunk down, and kicking with his Feet, stared at her with glazed Eyes; she hid herself, from childish fear; their Father, on coming home, had inquired for *Agnes* before inquiring for *Johannes*;—he went to search for her, and found him! When they were carrying away poor little *Johannes* to bury him, *Agnes*, looking longingly after him from a window in the upper floor, had fallen over and struck her Head on the Pavement, and she let *Albert* feel the hollow, which was even perceptible to the Eye, from a slight depression of the Hair. Now it had been the fond Wish and Dream of the poor Girl, to build an Altar to the little *Johannes*, whose Life perhaps might have been saved—had it not been for her Flight—at which a Priest paid

by herself should say Mass every Morning for him and for her.*

She now also began gently to complain that she did not hear well when the Wind blew from *Fürth*.†

It then came to light by degrees that the Wind had certainly, during many fine Seasons, very often blown from *Fürth*.‡

The conversation once turned upon Dreams, and it was remarked that any one could find out the most secret Thoughts of the Heart of another when he speaks in his Sleep, by seizing and holding him by the great toe of

* It appears then that *Agnes's* Frugality arose from *Repentance*, from Piety! And she concealed it too, because it was a *Catholic* Piety, not wishing to confess it to *Albert*, who was Evangelical, that she might at least appear Reasonable to him, and not vex him by old Absurdities!—*W. P.*

† *Fürth* is a village near *Nürnberg*, and this complaint of not hearing well when the wind blew from it, must be some local superstition.—*Translator.*

‡ This Excuse may be admitted.—*W. P.*

the left Foot;—then he reveals all. *Agnes* had once—during the Honeymoon, when she heard *Albert* speaking in his Sleep, seized and held him by the great toe of the left Foot, had listened and heard him say: “The Serpent with the human Countenance pleases me not!—Potiphar’s Wife is nothing more than beautiful! a great fault! An alluring Sin allures to Sin—Flight would here again be the most desirable!”—— ———

These Words she foolishly applied to herself,* when they were probably only a succession of Images which he beheld in his Dreams. Vain as she was of her Beauty,

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\* Thus the Superstitions of others may be destructive to us! It will never be well here, that is, on this side of the Mountains, till Superstition is also banished from the other side, that is, from among the Ultramontanes. There will be no Peace till then; for the Foolish are continually breaking and destroying Peace. To be Wise alone is of no avail. Therefore he who has Reason on his side must not be silent; he must not remain inactive. It is from Heaven he has received his right to work!—*W. P.*

she had preferred allowing a thousand mental Faults to be attributed to her, rather than one bodily. Her Frugality, as it was now explained—the spurring on to work—the brightening up of the Gold,—what else were they but the Penance of a pious Nature, seeking Atonement for a supposed Crime?

The Cheerfulness *Albert* had maintained during the whole of his past Life was gone, was now entirely lost—but his Life—by no means so! His mental Faculties, his Fancies, his Desires, had richly indemnified him, and he was enabled to impart to others the feelings of Pleasure which had been denied to himself—Ah! and also the Powers which he still possessed, without having known or dreamt of them! He now became conscious of a new Faculty in Man,—that of being able to remodel the Past, according to his present Powers and Perceptions!—a Faculty which almost of itself would demonstrate that Man is of Divine Origin. With the Torch of his present Knowledge, he went far back into

the Hall of other Days. Images in an innumerable succession of Chambers were there to be seen. And as he began to wander with his Torch, the old Forms which were resting there rose up once again, and they looked at him differently, and he looked at them differently; they whispered to him, and he whispered to them, what he now knew that he knew not formerly; their Countenances were peaceful, and his Soul came to an Understanding with theirs; and from the Cultivated of every Age he parted reconciled and with a Smile; and he roused those of the following Age, and conciliated them also. But he *himself* was also to be seen there! a poor, melancholy, embarrassed Man, who sat and painted in all the Chambers and looked pitifully at him! To this Self, during all these long days so desolate and lonely, he also reconciled himself; and *his* Forms all smiled now, arose, and wished to follow him through all the Chambers of the Hall of other Days, even up into the last Chamber—

even out into the great Hall of the Sun—to *Agnes*, where she now lived and breathed, a changed, improved, and estimable being, and where he alone was permitted to wander—he, the living, the blest! But they only looked after him and said: We now willingly remain here in the Hall of the Past; thou hast revived us, and poured fresh Water on us, like faded Flowers! Thou hast breathed a bright Soul into thine own dead Works. We thank thee that thou didst come down and dwell with us. Mayst thou be happy, till thou comest thyself, or till thou dost arrive at the end of thine own Course!

He thus filled up again the spoiled Wine of his Life with fresh sweet Must, and it fermented and cast out the Dregs, and was palatable, although not so sweet as the Must!

To see his *Agnes* thus excused, was a Cordial to his Heart, and imparted Power to his Mind yet once more to flame forth.

But with already broken Heart, he could

only now direct her attention to the *preservation* of his Works. He completed those that were only half finished, destroyed such as were no longer practicable, overlooked everything, and *rejoiced* in his Life. Even the saddest Year has sunny Blinks, and Seed thrives in good Ground even in a bad Year; and the Year is twice beautiful,—when the Trees blossom, and when they exhibit red and yellow Fruits; in the interval everything is uniformly green and green! There lay now on the large Table the Fruits of his Labours; his Work: Instruction; for the use of all Lovers of the Arts; four Books on the Proportions of the human Body; the Great Passion; the Revelation of St. John; the Life of Mary; 104 Sheets of Engravings; 367 Sheets of Woodcuts; the whole of the Pictures in his own list were to the number of 1254 Pieces. The Scholars also whom he had trained arrived to see him; one of them, indeed, was the Pope's Painter and Architect at Rome. He inspected the Medals which

were struck in honour of him ; fifty different Likenesses were scarcely sufficient to supply the demands which came from all quarters. He was most struck with a Medal of him, on which were his arms : An *open Gate* with two Wings ; on the Crest a *grown Man without Arms*. Thus the Past may often prove an indication of the Future ! The open Gate was the Gate to Heaven. The grown Man without Arms was he, the Dead.—What was there in his Life that he could now change ? what improve ? It was God alone who could change the Peace he had found in Life, to Peace in Death. So farewell, my *Albert* ! The Italians called thee *Alberto Duro* ! but that thou wert not, either in Art or in Life. —Thus *Albert* peacefully awaited Death, as he had peacefully lived. Almighty God be gracious to him,

and grant him a happy End !



There sat I, poor *Wilibald*, leaning on my Hands and weeping. The foreign Artists who had wished to serenade him, began to do so now, and in the Stillness of the Night, the soft Tones of the Flutes and Flageolets penetrated from the street till they reached my Ear and that of the dying Man. In the room under me, while I was reading, *Agnes* had sung all sorts of Songs in her Anguish, at last even a drinking Song! I could not smile at this. *Albert* had had the enjoyment of one cheerful Heart, and that was his own. He would not otherwise have known what a Treasure God has implanted in the Bosom of Man. His Wife had diligently digged for it, and brought the bright and shining Treasure to the Day. And *how much* he had accomplished! I therefore now perceived that nothing can repress the energy of a true Artist, and that nothing is a Misfortune to him. He might—perhaps—feel better and easier in one way than another—but whatever is in an Artist's Soul is drawn forth by the

World, whether it be in Rain or in Sunshine. And what he succeeded in was no Trifle—for that was his Life. If he experienced Suffering, it was because he loved, and that was better than being happy without loving,—if indeed any one can be happy without loving! Love always makes one's own Heart happy: let every one rest assured of this. And he who is a genuine Artist is full of Love. A Woman always and everywhere marries the Man alone, and not his Trade; therefore let every one boldly marry the Woman he loves, and let no Woman fear to marry an Artist, for she may be as happy with him as with another, even were she in all respects an *Agnes*. A Woman without Fault or Failing is an Angel, and will always be so in every situation; yea, and what is more—will appear so! But had *Albert* described himself as an unhappy Man in his married Life? Certainly not. What had I perceived or discovered on reading it, but just the longing after pure Happiness? And

the description of his *Agnes* had represented to me very vividly such a Wife as an Artist stands in need of, and better than I could have pictured to myself in the form of a peacefully-happy Wife. And thus my *Albert* had had the best possible experience of a Wife. For as he himself as a Painter once said on the subject of Delineation, so it is; that in a Picture, Light first arises from Shade—that Light indeed becomes only properly visible by means of Shade, and when we perceive that the bright Sun of Heaven shines through them. The great Lord of All could not have imparted to him a more vivid Conception of what the Wife of an Artist ought to be, than by giving him one, by giving him his own,—one, who would have made an Artist *miserable*, had he not, as every one can and may, taken refuge in his Art, and in his own high and noble Thoughts and Feelings, as my *Albert* did. Thus was he nevertheless happy! For in every one who is unhappy, there lies concealed a Ca-

capacity for Happiness, yea an inexhaustible Felicity of Soul, if he knows how to call it forth; and if he cannot do so, then he deserves to suffer. Also Contrast was not wanting to *Albert*, but he touched on it slightly and cautiously; for there soared *Crescenzia*, and there hovered *Clara* also over him like an Angel, who wished to come down to him, but dared not. In the Deprivation of Happiness, lies thousand-fold Happiness. *Albert* thus learned what a Wife *might be*—and oh! that they themselves understood what they might be to a Husband!—and he lived it all in Thoughts and Wishes, and revelled in the longed-for Enjoyment. Oh! the sweet Charm of Life! the ever Joy-inspiring race of Women! And thus I now looked upon him as happy!—happier than one who is led by his Wife all his Life, foolishly occupied with her Dress, her Vanities, her Pleasures, and her worldly ways of thinking. *Agnes* led him into the Depths of the Heart, led him daily back to

the Artist's only true and immoveably-clear Source. Even a *hard* life is better for him than an *easy* one.

By these Thoughts, thus excited, I was prepared to see our dear Mistress *Agnes* enter, whose Sufferings only in reality began with the Death of *Albert*. She now appeared at the Door. I went towards her, and took her Hand, which trembled. She followed me like a Spectre. She looked at the Master. She looked at the Child. The Flutes sounded on, so sweetly! so softly! Ah! it is at the hour of Death that Music is truly for the first time—Music; in Life it is only a sound, awakening Remembrance of the Past, or Foreboding of the Future. Now it was truly the Call of the Angels from Heaven.

A Messenger now suddenly and roughly entered the silent holy Chamber. He besought me to come Home. *Clara*—my poor, gentle sister *Clara*—was just dead; perhaps from Anguish and Fear that *Albert* was dying!—for she had heard *Agnes* begging

me to go to him. The shivering of the Glass, which *Agnes* knocked in, had drawn her to the Window over my Head. As I went out, she whispered down to me tenderly: Do not be angry with him, my Brother! God be with you!

Alas! these then had been her last Words! I wept bitterly. Why should I now go Home? The Dead wait full of Patience.

*Albert* had evidently heard the announcement that had just been made to me. He opened his Eyes. *Agnes* scarcely ventured to approach him: she shewed as much forbearance as to allow him to die in Peace, instead of grieving him once more by the remembrance of all his Sufferings, which the sight of her would have called forth. She knelt at his Bed, concealing her Head. He, however, lifted his Hand, laid it on her Head, and said with a faltering Voice: Follow thou me! thou wert good — I have entertained an Angel.

No ! I have ! sobbed *Agnes*, and I knew it not, I believed it not !

There thou wilt see into my Heart ! said he ; how I always told thee ; I was not gentle, not good enough—for I suffered, for I was full of Love. . . . .

He expired with the word “ Love ” upon his Lips. The Flutes sounded on, and it seemed as if their Tones accompanied his Soul to Heaven. In the Churchyard of *St. John* rests all that was mortal of him.

Strew Flowers over him, oh Wanderer !







